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The Week

AS EUROPE gathers in Paris to see whether an economic union to aid agriculture can be effectuated, we see the beginning of an attempt which, if successful, will be a far greater menace to American grain exports than Russia ever was, or ever will be. Before the War it was the Danubian states which constituted the chief granary of Europe; it was their foreign market which the expanded exports of Canada and the United States filled during and after the hostilities. The agrarian reforms after the War reduced their production for export by breaking up the big estates, while the new boundaries and tariffs also retarded revival. Now they are in a bad way. One of the chief difficulties, in addition to lack of export markets, is lack of short-term credit on reasonable terms. The first problem of the conference is to find a way of enlarging western European markets for them, in return for a lowering of their barriers against imports of manufactured goods from the rest of Europe. This is a difficult thing to do because it goes counter to the futile but stubborn attempt to build up economic self-sufficiency within each nation. It is also difficult because lowering tariff rates would automatically benefit the United States, since we have "most favored nation" tariff treaties with many of the countries concerned. If the first obstacle can be overcome, the second will probably be leaped by a system of export quotas. The loan shortage may be remedied by an international bank for intermediate agricultural credits, similar to our own.

SEVERAL European countries are taking a very different line from the United States in regard to Russian trade. Our Treasury Department has put a virtual embargo on imports of lumber and pulpwood from the U. S. S. R. Its other rulings, which permit the impounding of a cargo at any time until the importer proves it was not produced by forced labor, are having a serious effect. The House of Representatives has passed the bill bringing the new and more drastic rules of the tariff law into effect nine months earlier. Meanwhile England, Germany and Italy are doing all they can to encourage trade relations. Germany, in particular, is now negotiating a renewal of the trade agreement of 1925, and will do her best to capture the large export business in machinery now enjoyed by the United States. Are we really so much superior in morality to the British, Germans and Italians—so superior that in spite of unemployment and depression we are willing to lose millions of dollars' worth of business, merely because certain unspecified persons have alleged that forced labor is used in Russia? No intelligent and informed person in Washington thinks so. There they believe that the hindrances to Russian trade result from pressure by American producers of the same type of goods, who want to monopolize the market on their own terms and at their own prices. This is not embargo for morality's sake; it is embargo for embargo's sake, the carrying to its logical, if outrageous, conclusion of the policy of high tariffs.

PRESIDENT Hoover has often been accused of being too tender to the private power interests, the

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most recent occasion being when he nominated as members of the new Federal Power Commission a group of conservatives whose first act was to dismiss the Commission's two most vigilant and effective employees. Mr. Hoover's friends have said that these attacks are unjustified; and it will be interesting to see their comments on the latest action by the President in regard to Muscle Shoals. Congress has again passed the bill, which was once subjected to a pocket veto by Mr. Coolidge, for government operation of the great power plant there. Before this issue of The New Republic is in the hands of its readers, the President will probably have made his choice and either sustained the will of Congress, or done what the power interests so ardently wish, and vetoed the bill. Washington observers think he will reject the measure, and that it cannot be repassed at this time over his veto. But the issue is not settled; as Senator Dill of Washington said during the debate, "the coming Congress will have more supporters [of government operation]. And if it should fail at that time, we shall go into the campaign of 1932 on the question of where the President stands on the power question."

THE passage of the Wagner bill for a federally coördinated system of free, public employment exchanges marks the climax of a ten-year struggle for this elementary step toward dealing with unemployment. The relationship of President Hoover to this struggle has been a curious one indeed. Conference after conference of experts—either under his leadership or otherwise associated with the national administration—has, ever since the depression of 1921, recommended a measure of this sort. Nevertheless Mr. Hoover, first as Secretary of Commerce and then as President, has not lifted a finger to effectuate the recommendation. It remained for the Democratic Senator from New York to take up the cause and carry it to success. His bill, after being introduced in several sessions of Congress, and after being studied, perfected and endorsed by qualified opinion, passed the Senate this winter and was scheduled for a vote in the House last week, with a favorable recommendation from the Committee. At this eleventh hour, Secretary of Labor Doak suddenly brought forth an ill conceived administration measure, which, on the basis of no study, was substituted by the House Committee for the Wagner bill. If it had been passed by the House, its only effect would have been to block the whole project for another year, since the Senate could not have agreed to the substitute. This act of sabotage was not successful, however, since the House rejected its Committee's report and passed the Wagner bill. It now remains to be seen whether Mr. Hoover will openly betray his experts by a veto.

OUTDOOR relief—the technical term meaning charity distributed to the destitute in their homes or elsewhere outside of institutions—jumped to unprecedented figures in December, according to the Russell Sage Foundation. In eighty large cities of the United States and Canada, 360 agencies paid out $7,662,000 during the month. If all agencies in these cities could have been included, the total would have swept above $8,000,000. This does not include wages paid for made work, amounting to $1,500,000 for the month in New York alone, nor does it include the sums spent in smaller cities and towns or the drought relief in the country. The Foundation publishes a truly startling chart illustrating the course of this charity during the past two years. It wavered about a fairly level mark until the last two months of 1929, when it rose toward a peak reached in March, 1930. With spring and summer it fell away again to a point considerably above the level of 1929, and then began a precipitous climb which, by December, had assumed an almost perpendicular direction. If the curve is to continue upward at this rate, the outlook is rather terrifying. Local private funds will, in many cases, be totally exhausted by spring; Congress and legislatures will have adjourned. Nowhere do there appear untouched reserves commensurate with the prospective need.

DEPRESSION may injure the farmer, and drought may starve him, but there are still sections of the country where being close to the soil means at least something to eat and a roof over one's head on a wintry night. How many farm boys and girls, after seeking a better livelihood in the city, have lately been forced to return to the homesteads of their fathers, brothers or sisters by the gaunt specter of industrialism will never be known, but figures from the Department of Agriculture indicate that their number is large. Those moving from cities to farms in 1930 are estimated at 1,392,000 persons—the largest number since 1924. In the face of low prices of crops, increasing mechanization and dry weather, this migration cannot mean that city dwellers are seeking their fortunes in agriculture, but merely that they are fleeing from worse privations. Apparently the farmers are feeding one of the largest breadlines, bearing a heavy share of the proper overhead of industry. During the same year, those moving from farm to city dropped to one of the lowest points in years—1,543,000. The net migration from the land was thus about 151,000, less than half the normal growth of country population by an excess of births over deaths, which amounts to 359,000. Many of those who went to the cities undoubtedly jumped from the frying pan into the fire, but that they were forced to jump is indicated by the fact that the large excess of cityward movement occurred in the West North Central, West South Central, South Atlantic, Mountain and Pacific states—regions which have suffered from a year of drought, or the absence of diversification, or the low prices for staples—or from all three.

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WILL Ohio have the distinction of being the first state to adopt compulsory unemployment insurance? It was one of the first states to have workmen's compensation, and has gone further than most of the others in this activity by installing a state fund, which, although it was attacked by the private insurance companies as a socialistic measure, has proved its worth to Ohio industry and is now accepted as a matter of course. A bill for compulsory unemployment insurance has been introduced into the Ohio legislature, which is so drawn as to emphasize the similarity between this device and workmen's compensation. It is supported by an influential committee. There appears to be a chance of its passage in this session. Other unemployment-insurance bills have been, or are about to be, introduced in a dozen or more state legislatures this winter. In New York support of a measure drafted by experts for the American Association for Labor Legislation is well organized. Possibly Wisconsin or Minnesota may nose in ahead of these Eastern communities, but in any case a friendly rivalry is developing for first place. The credit for having a progressive and enlightened industry, which is not too poor to provide at least the elements of security for its working population, is worth a great deal to any state.

WITH the quick observant eye of the British novelist on a lecture tour, Mr. J. B. Priestley was able to deliver five judgments on America in about as many minutes after catching his first glimpse of the Manhattan skyline. He announced his belief that Americans buy books when they are fashionable, but almost never read them—that wealth has had a disastrous effect on the American character—that indigestion is our prevailing curse, because of our eating too many sweets and dosing ourselves with too much bicarbonate of soda—that New York is a nightmare—finally, that skyscrapers are intended for "another race of men, about twelve feet tall and of a dark green color." About all these judgments there could be—and in fact has been—a great deal of argument There could be none whatever about another belief of Mr. Priestley's which seems to be implicit in the others. Evidently he thinks that Americans are a race of masochists who enjoy nothing so much as abuse by visiting British lecturers. Once, it is true, they ate it up, but the reaction to Mr. Priestley's interview seems to show that their appetite has changed. His remarks have called forth a sort of national tribute —not of French wines or English roast beef or Yorkshire pudding, but of the red American razzberry.

ANOTHER American official is in trouble because of remarks made about Mussolini. John Lord O'Brian, assistant attorney general, is the man who is now batting for Major General Smedley Butler, having said the other night that Americans ought to "thank God that we do not live in a country such as Italy, where a dictatorship of one man can make a horizontal slice in wages." This is not so serious as charging that Il Duce is a hit-and-run driver, and perhaps Ambassador de Martino will let Mr. Hoover off this time without another hasty, sweeping apology. Nevertheless, a real difficulty has been uncovered by these two incidents, and one which requires a solution. It is obviously impossible to prevent all officials of the government from ever making speeches, which is one of their chief joys in life; and it is hard to make a speech without saying something unkind about Mussolini, because there are so many unkind things to be said about him, even if one confines oneself to the truth. Probably the best way out is for President Hoover to issue a blanket preliminary apology, good for one year from date, non-transferable, covering all insults to the Italian dictator by anybody who is now, or ever has been, on a government pay roll. This apology would be accepted by Mussolini; the speech-makers could go ahead and talk freely; and all would be well.

THE official campus newspaper of the Catholic University, in Washington, D. C., recently published an editorial expressing a point of view which is common in organs of that faith. Commenting on those who have spoken and written in opposition to the Pope's recent encyclical on birth control and marriage, the college paper observes: "The encyclical was meant for the Catholics of the world and for no other persons, unless they contemplated [sic] acceptance of the dogmas and the principles of that religion. Why must other bodies of individuals concern themselves with an edict which has nothing to do with them, their conduct, their morals and their creeds?" The answer is that the Pope's position on birth control, which is also that of the Church in general, has everything to do with non-Catholics. Only a few days ago, representatives of Catholicism appeared in Washington to protest, as strongly as they knew how, against the Gillette bill, which proposes to permit doctors to impart birth-control information under certain circumstances. The laws which at present make the sale of contraceptives a bootleg trade, and forbid the open distribution of information on the subject, have been kept on the statute books for fifty years largely because of Catholic insistence. The Church does not trust its communicants to obey its spiritual strictures; it asks for, and obtains, laws which affect not only the Catholics, but the whole population. Under these circumstances, to argue that the Catholic position on birth control "has nothing to do with" the conduct of non-Catholics is simply to ignore the facts.

A WEEK or two ago, the Cuban Ambassador to the United States spoke over a nation-wide hook-up of the National Broadcasting Company on present conditions in Cuba. It goes without saying that he was as enthusiastic as he could be, without bursting

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a blood vessel, over the Machado regime, which every informed person knows to be a ruthless tyranny in imminent danger of being overthrown through a revolution. We do not know whether the Cuban government paid for this use of the ether, or got it free from the Radio Corporation of America, but in either case the point is the same. The revolutionists have not money enough to buy time on the air, they would almost certainly be refused if they had and, of course, no representative of their faction will be invited, at the broadcasters' expense, to reply to the ambassador. Here is an important and highly controversial political subject in regard to which the radio is exercising an effective censorship and permitting only one side to be heard. It is one, moreover, in which the American people are directly and seriously involved, through the Platt Amendment.

THE radio has often before been guilty of similar sins of commission and omission, which have resulted in withholding from their listeners important information or points of view. Like the newspaper, it is "touched with the public interest," although it is a private business conducted primarily and almost exclusively for profit. Unluckily, it is for the most part in the hands of men who have little sense of their social responsibility, far less than the average newspaper editor, and it is owned mainly by the electric utilities, which not only have their own axe to grind, but are incorrigibly timid and conservative. On the whole, it is getting better as regards flagrant censorship of speakers; and there are some evidences of mild liberalism, in the presentation of controversial debates and the like, which are heartily welcome. Yet it remains true that in the main, the radio, like the daily press and the movies, is an instrument, not for the free formulation of public opinion, but for molding it to suit the purposes of the small group of men who control the most important aspects of our national economic life.

IT IS gratifying to learn that the protest against compulsory military training at schools and colleges is gaining headway. College students are themselves signing petitions calling for the abolition of compulsory R. O. T. C. units, and it is hoped that by the middle of this month the number of signatures will have reached the total of 10,000. At the University of Iowa, for example, every student who has taken the compulsory training has signed a petition to abolish it. More than 1,000 students have signed at the University of Nebraska, and petitions are being circulated at Cornell and other colleges throughout the country. It is estimated that about 86,000 students are enrolled in college R. O. T. C. units, compulsory and voluntary, and that the War Department of this country spends more than $10,000,000 a year in training them. Though the 10,000 signatures protesting against military training are a comparatively small percentage, it is nevertheless a healthy sign that the young men who must submit to this training for wholesale murder are beginning to express their opposition.

Wanted — A Government

AMERICANS, like most other citizens the world over, have an incurable belief that the function of government is to govern. It is something to lead the common life in times of plenty, to direct the work of rescue in times of misfortune, to make a change in times of crisis. This belief was one of Mr. Hoover's main sources of strength when he was a candidate. Mr. Coolidge was a man who, with good fortune, had not had to govern much, but in spite of the chorus of publicity in his praise, he was recognized as a rather cold proposition, not a tribal leader. More activity was wanted. And Mr. Hoover was thought by many to be just the man to place at the head of our civilization, because he was of the breed of management. An engineer, a man who understood business, a believer in efficiency, he would do something for the common life. This expectation flourished in spite of the fact that at the time the common life did not seem to be facing any particular peril.

Since Mr. Hoover's election we have run into a series of difficulties and changes which have shaken the faith of the nation, which have literally reduced millions to the borderland of starvation. The end is not yet in sight. And what has been the President's activity in this critical period? It has been almost wholly negative. He has been concerned, first, to exculpate the government of which he is the chief from all responsibility for what has happened; second, to convince the country that the government can do little in the present; third, to prevent it from doing anything. He has been the living embodiment of the thesis that it is the function of the government not to govern. To every cry for help his reply has been that the people must help themselves. When the people have somewhat bewilderedly asked if the government were not themselves in their collective capacity, he has denied that they were wise so to think or so to act. He has just finished a tug of war with Congress, teeth set and fists clenched, first, to keep it from passing legislation, second, to prevent it from remaining in session at all. Other Presidents have tussled with Congress, but it is not the usual thing for a President to be dragging at the end of the rope, with heels dug in against motion. He is usually the active one, the one who has a program, the one who demands promptness and decision, while Congress hangs back, disputes, delays. In this case it is the titular leader who balks while the followers try to make headway.

No radical who denies that representative political government is fit to do anything for the citizens

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could have carried on a stronger drive against it, or could have done more to discredit it, than have Mr. Hoover and his supporters in public and private life during the past few months. What, then, is the alternative? If we are to admit that the political agencies set up under our constitutional system have no right to the confidence and loyalty of the people, if we are to believe that the worse our situation is, the greater is our need for the abdication of existing political agencies, where are we to look for leadership? If our present government is one which cannot and ought not govern, what other kind of government can we have?

A good case might be made out for the proposition—has, by others than Mr. Hoover, been made out for it—that our constitutional system is indeed antiquated in the face of the requirements of a complex and interdependent economic society. It has frequently been argued that we ought to have industrial government, with occupational rather than regional representation. Mr. Hoover, with his background, might be expected to look with some favor on self-government of industry. His efforts in the direction of the abdication of the political government have been supported by the plea that business should be permitted to take the lead in times of economic crisis. Unfortunately, however, this abdication of politics is not in favor of industrial government, but in favor of industrial anarchy. Industry does not govern itself; it is not organized to do so. It flies off in a dozen different directions at once. Its very lack of self-control was what brought on most of our present misfortunes. It is patently absurd to hope that a competitive, acquisitive congeries of unorganized and unreflective industrial chieftains can be relied upon, in the exercise of the very activities which have brought disaster, to cure this disaster and prevent it from arising again.

Here is where Mr. Hoover's lack of leadership has been most damaging. If he disbelieves in the activity of political government in economic affairs, why does he not lead in the direction of industrial government? Why has he not utilized the occasion of our misfortunes at least for the purpose of educating the country to the need of economic plan and cohesion? His only step in this direction—the calling of a temporary conference to aid construction in the first winter of depression—was ruined in its influence by the pretense that good times were about to return, by the continual misuse of statistics to support unfounded prediction, by the assumption that industry needed only a faith cure. That was not planning, it was necromancy.

The country cries out for a positive policy. It has lost confidence in political institutions; but it has also lost confidence in industry and finance. It must have some government competent to act, to engage its coöperation and loyalty. It cannot continue to waver hopelessly between an incompetent political machinery and an irresponsible industrial anarchy. Mr. Hoover ought either to fish or to cut bait.

No Silver Loan for China

SO PREPOSTEROUS is the Senate subcommittee's proposal for a huge silver loan to China that it could simply be ignored, if its source did not confer a semblance of authority. After all, it emanates from the upper house of the national legislative body of the richest and most powerful country in the world.

The objects of the proposed loan, as stated by Senator Pittman's committee, are grandiose. They are to restore peace to China, stabilize its government, develop its resources, reduce poverty and convert China into a market for America's surplus products. What is more delicately glossed over is the fact that Senator Pittman's state, Nevada, is a silver producer and is now glutted with an oversupply which it naturally wants to dump on China, as the Chinese bluntly pointed out a month ago when the committee made its preliminary announcement. This purpose the loan would indeed serve, but it is the only one. For that reason the Chinese have shown little interest in the proposal. They are eager enough for foreign loans, principally because money will entrench the party in power. But notwithstanding propaganda in Washington emanating from silver interests and from dubious individuals purporting to represent the Chinese government, responsible Chinese officials have thus far refused to consider a silver loan, especially one that would lay down tons of silver bullion in Shanghai, where silver is already piled up. On the contrary, T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance, has said that China wanted no loan on the terms offered.

While it is true that China's trade with the United States has seriously decreased, the decline in the price of silver is only an incidental factor. The fundamental cause is the political and economic disorganization in China by reason of civil wars and banditry, to say nothing of the deeper social disorganization of a hundred years of disruptive forces resulting from the contact with the West and Western industrialism and imperialism. If silver were restored to its normal value, China's trade with the United States would still remain low. In any case, dumping a large quantity of American silver in Shanghai would not restore silver to its normal value. It would only relieve American silver producers, which is quite another matter.

China's trade with the West will recover when China recovers equilibrium. This no loan can bring about. Foreign loans will not bring about stability and thus stimulate foreign trade. They will stimulate foreign trade after stability has been obtained, which is something only the Chinese themselves can accomplish. A great deal of empty verbiage has been spilled about "reconstructing" China by building roads, though how that would reconstruct China is not made clear. The transformation of a mediæval social economy into an industrial society involves infinitely more than roads. When China by

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its own efforts has laid the foundations of the new society, it will be able to build its own roads. Until then the roads will be of little use. Not only would a loan now be futile, but, for practical reasons, it is impossible. The only conditions on which Western governments or Western bankers will make loans to China are conditions which the Chinese rigidly refuse to accept.

The Pittman committee's resolutions are conveniently vague on the subject of security. They refer to restrictions on the uses to which the loan is to be put, but they do not specify how the restrictions are to be enforced. With government in China admittedly unstable and existing foreign loans in default, the bankers of Europe and the United States have refused, as indeed they must, to make further loans without supervision of expenditure. But supervision of expenditure is tantamount to control over the Chinese government, which the leaders of nationalist China refuse to give. If they did not, they would lose all the fruits of the nationalist revolution and return to the status of twenty years ago, when partition threatened the country. At no time in recent years have the leaders of China been more uncompromising on this subject than they are just now.

Foreign-loan diplomacy has contributed to bring China to its present desperate state. It had also in the past, before Chinese nationalism put a stop to foreign-loan diplomacy, brought the foreign lending nations to the edge of war. To set it on foot again, even if China consented, would be a tragic blunder. Restoration of the value of silver to its normal level would help relieve the depression in world commerce, although the influence of silver in the depression is much exaggerated. The depression began before silver dropped and has much more fundamental and serious causes. Any sound international measures which can be taken to stiffen silver will be salutary, and the Senate might well consider such measures. But China is another matter, and to plunge into her complicated and for the present insoluble questions with jejeune cure-alls which have long been abandoned by those who know China is absurd. Fortunately, China is not likely to consent.

Dr. Flexner's University

THOSE who feel that critics ought to be made to practise what they preach will be interested to know that Dr. Abraham Flexner, author of the recent widely discussed book on universities, is to be the director of an unusual institution of higher learning. Its probable location will be somewhere in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, and it is made possible through the generosity of Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Felix Fuld. The recently published prospectus of this "Institute for Advanced Study," is one of the most exciting educational documents to appear in recent years.

Only post-graduate students will be received, and the institute will bestow "the Ph.D. degree, or professional degrees of equal value." A startling, and in our judgment, wholly admirable, declaration of policy is made in the discreet words that "in the appointments to the staff and faculty, as well as in the admission of workers and students, no account will be taken, directly or indirectly, of race, religion or sex." To this might have been added, "or economic status": ample funds will be available for scholarships, so that no promising person need be turned away because of poverty. There will be a Board of Trustees—such a board is a technical legal necessity—but every precaution will be taken against its interfering in any way with the freedom of the faculty and students to work along whatever lines, and in whatever way, seems best.

The faculty will consist of the best men available, and of nobody else: if in some department a first-class man or woman is not immediately available, the subject will simply be omitted until such a person appears on the horizon. What is particularly important is that gifted research men will not be arbitrarily required to teach classes if they had rather spend their time in laboratory or library. Salaries will be exceptionally high, in order to attract and hold individuals of the quality desired, and to free them from the necessity of doing any sort of hack work by which to supplement their incomes. The absurd awarding of honorary degrees to Thomas, Richard and Harold for political or financial reasons is prevented by a provision that such degrees shall only be given on nomination of the director and the faculty, after approval by a special committee on education.

In short, here is the prospect of a real University (though it will not use that word), shorn of spectacular sideshows and compromises with babbitry; a place where genuine scholars will work in an atmosphere as ideal as intelligent foresight, wise policy and ample funds can provide. The date of opening is not yet announced, and Dr. Flexner and his associates ought not to be hurried; but subject to that provision, it cannot come too soon. The Institute is needed.

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National Planning

The Problem of Creating a Brain for Our Economy

A Nation Walking Backward

FOR ONE hundred and fifty years the eyes of the American people have been fixed on the manifestoes appropriate to a time when an infant capitalism was freeing itself from the womb of feudal aristocracy, declarations enthusiastically taken up by leaders in our own pioneer, agricultural and revolutionary land. So preoccupied, we have walked backward for a century and a half into a civilization of railroads, mass production, far-flung kilowatts, multi-storied buildings, automobiles, radio, centralized banking, nation-wide and world-wide markets. As we have walked, we have frequently stumbled and cracked our skulls. Fumbling behind our backs, we have invented all sorts of devices to surmount particular obstacles. The principles which our eyes have enshrined emphasize such things as the right and freedom of individuals to do as they please, particularly in economic affairs, complete separation between government and economic enterprise, and the least possible government altogether. But the country we have backed into is characterized by the close dependence of individuals on one another and on groups, and by rapidly expanding government. The devices we have improvised in order to deal with it consist of controls of sorts, which are meant to restrict, in one field or another, planless freedom.

The distance between liberal-democratic slogans and the sort of world we now have is a commonplace, but it is not so commonly understood how many controls we have been forced to set up. We stumbled over cutthroat competition and graft in railroads, and created the Interstate Commerce Commission. We fell over money panics, and built the Federal Reserve System. We ran into monopolistic dominance, and experimented with the Federal Trade Commission. We dropped into the valley of agricultural depression, and created the Federal Farm Board. We got caught in traffic and penned in narrow houses, and began to zone, to plan cities and regions. Non-governmental controls of all sorts, too, have come—mergers, trade associations, cartels. No sooner do the bankers denounce "artificial" schemes to maintain prices as a cause of depression than they start a new one, in sugar. These are merely examples of hundreds of existing controls. (I have not forgotten the tariff—a block to freedom of trade dear to the hearts of business men who eloquently object to governmental interference with economic affairs.)

Each of these agencies has been conceived much as if the situation with which it has to deal were an isolated and accidental phenomenon. We cling to our old slogans in general, while we throw out a new control in particular as a concession to exigency. On principle, we have done no more controlling than was absolutely necessary. We grouse at the multiplicity of boards, and immediately set up another. We do this, not because we want to do it, but because we have to. The controls, in many cases, work badly. But do we abolish them? Almost never. When we investigate the reasons for their faulty operation, we have to give them more plan and more power. And, having done this, we declaim the bill of rights and pretend that the country behind us, into which we are retrogressing by force of circumstances, is at last about to offer easy walking for unguided feet.

Recently we have been glancing furtively over our shoulders—left or right. Why not turn completely about, and face the direction we are forced to take? This does not mean that we must fix our eyes as firmly on the slogans of a hundred and fifty years hence as we have been fixing them on those of the American Revolution. Telescopic exploration of the country ahead is necessary for laying a course, but alone it will not enable us to get over the next quarter-mile. We must proceed from where we are. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to propose that we proceed.

What does this involve? Instead of expecting that controls will be unnecessary, we must expect that they will be increasingly necessary. Instead of stumbling over an obstacle once, twice or a dozen times, and then clumsily and reluctantly devising a way to surmount it, we must see and avoid obstacles before we reach them. Instead of setting up dozens of unrelated controls which confuse and dismay us because each is regarded as an isolated, disagreeable and accidental necessity, we must see that the prime need is master planning, something that will attack the problem of our society from the center as well as from the circumference. It has long been contended, and still is, that central planning is an impossibly intricate job, beyond the scope of human intelligence. I think it is less impossibly intricate than attempting to run a complex civilization without thinking, without an objective, without a plan, by a series of absent-mindedly devised and unrelated agencies and institutions. It is only too obvious that, under a theory which denies the desirability of control, and with a large number of essential but half-baked agencies of regulation, we have landed in a morass of injustice, waste and misery both physical and moral. We cannot abolish these agencies. To go on as we have been doing

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would be insupportable. The only other way is to turn about, to accept enthusiastically the job of establishing a plan as a task big enough, fascinating enough and desperately enough necessary, to call forth the full moral energy of the American people.

A Brain for Our Economy

Elsewhere I have said (to change the figure) that the major task of our civilization is to create a brain and a coördinating nervous system for our economic body, to organize our great economic organs. This is not an original observation; and it is being repeated, in one form or another, almost every day. The idea goes back to all the great utopias, which assumed that in some way or other an entirely new, different and logical system could be brought forth adult and perfect, like Venus rising from the sea. But its present widening circle of acceptance is not based on utopianism at all. It does not involve reversing the direction of our development, but completing it. It does not mean destroying everything we have, but making better use of it. It does not require changing human nature, but giving human nature an environment wherein it is not so frequently subjected to the maladies of maladjustment as it is today. Planning is humanly natural; it was exercised to a high degree on the self-sustaining farm, as it is now in the great and well managed industrial unit. Coöperation for common ends is found in primitive tribes, in the activities of a domestic economy, in labor and farmer organizations, in some railroads and factories, in every modern state at war. The fascination of creative work for its own sake, the habit of organized activity, the satisfaction in public service —if these traits were not fully as strong as acquisitiveness and competitive desire for supremacy and power, our industrial civilization would not survive a week, in view of the relatively small number of people who ever have a chance any more to make profits or win economic prizes through business competition.

Engineers, business men, economists, labor spokesmen, are continually suggesting special types of agencies to carry out this planning, to work out a national economic policy. These suggestions are not the private property of any one party, class or school of thought; they come from many who take a realistic look at our economy and see where the logic of its development leads us. The proposals may be classified under one or the other of two general types of bodies. One may be called the Economic General Staff; the other may be called the National Industrial Council. These are not the same thing, although they are often confused in contemporary thinking; they should be carefully distinguished; both, I believe, would be necessary in any attempt to plan.

The Economic General Staff would have much the same relationship to our economic activity which the staff has to the line in the army. It does not direct soldiers in the field. It is not, in essence, an organ of command. It is a correlating and thinking agency. It should be a permanent body, continuously at work, composed of professionally qualified experts who are chosen solely on the basis of their expertness and the breadth of their judgment and intelligence. By putting together the statistics of economic behavior, now currently available in such large volume, by filling in the gaps and by conducting special researches, it would perform the elemental function of a brain—which is to collect at a common center the sensations and nerve impulses from the body, to sort them out, to detect what is going on and to forecast what is likely to happen. It would be connected with existing administrative or regulative agencies in order to see the total aspect of what they are doing and assess its worth, it would devise new agencies of control to remedy deep-seated troubles, it would plan activity to fulfill national purposes.

The National Industrial Council would be a larger, delegate body, representing the field troops of our economic activity—those who do command and execute. It would be a connecting link between thinking and action. Its delegates would represent industries and occupations, as well as administrative agencies of national and local governments. To it the information and recommendations of the Economic General Staff would be fed. It would have to be entrusted with decisions as to policy; it would sanction or disapprove suggestions as to the objectives to be sought. If we were to have an economic dictatorship, such a body might be unnecessary, but since the job is to coördinate and educate existing authority, a body like this is indispensable. But it cannot serve the purpose of a general staff. It will not be expert, it will be too large to do research, it will be divided in its interests and counsels. Its delegates must, of course, be drawn from labor as well as from management groups. They must be truly representative, not appointed by higher authority. Very likely it will have an executive committee, sitting continuously when it is not in session.

At the beginning, certainly, such a body must be extra-constitutional, in the sense that it cannot have any formal legislative powers. If it wants to change existing laws, exercise governmental police powers, levy taxes, etc., it can only recommend such changes to Congress or legislatures. Likewise its decisions will have no force, other than that arising from their own reasonableness and the prestige of the constituencies represented, over the action of governmental and industrial administrators. Both this body and the General Staff might be authorized by act of Congress, they might be called into being by the President, or they might be set up on a purely voluntary basis by the action of industrial leaders or groups which already exist. For a time their chief function would be educational or experimental; they might not be capable of doing much good, but they could not do much harm.

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The importance of such pieces of machinery does not lie in any probability that they would promptly eliminate all our troubles. Their importance lies in the fact that they would transfer to the national stage, and bring into some relation with action, the research and discussions concerning our economic affairs which now go on in private institutes, books, periodicals, classrooms and meetings. They would symbolize a national will, or at least a national necessity, to plan and control. There would be a body whose function it was to know what is going on, and to make plans to deal with it. There would be a body whose function it was to formulate a national economic policy. Congress does not and cannot do these things, partly because it has not the personnel and organization, partly because we strangely assume that its function is political as distinguished from economic, that it must refrain from economic action except when such action is forced by some unexpected exigency. If these agencies failed to develop a policy, we should be impelled to strengthen and improve them. And in so far as they developed a policy, we should have the advantage of having *some* policy, even though it was not the best conceivable. We should be able to learn by an interaction of reflection and doing—which is really the only way to learn. We should be in the position of a child who, by virtue of his tumbles, learns how to walk, or by virtue of painful practice, learns how to write. We should not, as at present, be in the position of an idiot who, no matter how unfortunate his experience, cannot learn from it.

We started the War with a volunteer coördinating agency. It was weak, ineffective and productive of almost hopeless confusion. It did not take us long to learn what was necessary to make it effective; we began to integrate and organize real power to act. But the volunteer machinery was necessary as an educational process. The pressure of emergency is not so great now, or at least is not thought to be so great, as during the War. Probably we should not learn so quickly. But I should be very much surprised if the ultimate outcome of this first forward step with eyes front were not a real economic government with a large place in our constitutional system.

Three Objections

Progressives ought to be perfectly clear about their relationship to proposals of this sort. Such proposals are being made, and will continue to be made, whether we favor them or not. They might, just conceivably, be put into practice by Republicans, or Democrats, or big industrialists. Ideas in this realm, and forces working toward the effectuation of these ideas, are becoming part of the objective situation with which it will be necessary for anyone to deal, if he wants to affect the course of affairs. Should progressives put themselves in the forefront of the agitation for national planning? Or should they oppose it? And, if planning agencies come into being, what should be the attitude of progressives toward them?

Three major types of objection to the creation of central-planning agencies will be made by those who are dissatisfied enough with the existing state of affairs to examine with interest any proposal for change.

The first will come from those who sincerely distrust centralization. Defense of "local autonomy," "states' rights," "voluntary coöperative effort" and the like is often made by those who do not think but repeat traditions by rote, as well as by those who do not want any public power, either federal or local, to interfere with positions of advantage or centralized control which they have already achieved. You will find these phrases on the lips of international utility holding-company presidents, of great bankers and the rest. But there is also a sincere distrust of encouraging incompetent individuals to dump their burdens on a central authority, of bureaucracy exercised at a distance by officials who do not understand local conditions, of thwarting experiment, local ways of doing things, individual effort. Are we justified by the efficiency or probity of the officials we already have in entrusting them with still larger tasks? Do we want any more blunders like national prohibition? Don't we really need a far less centralized civilization?

The answer is that good central planning and effective local action are not, in a machine civilization, mutually exclusive, but complementary. A general staff cannot take over detailed direction of the work proper to machine operators, farmers, factory management, city and state governments. Even a dictatorship could not successfully do that; the effort and ingenuity of the men on the job are understood to be most essential even by the leaders of such a drastic experiment as that of Soviet Russia. The president of the large corporation owning an aggregate of industrial plants could not tell every foreman and worker how to do his job, nor does he think of trying. What he really does, if he proceeds according to the enlightened arts of administration, is to organize an intelligent interrelation among all these groups and all these men, so that in exercising their own effort they will not get in each other's way. Work in process must flow smoothly from one department to another, orders for materials must be adjusted to output, output must be related to markets. Some types of research and testing, of accounting control, of planning, may be done for a group of plants but not for a single one, just as some may be done for a whole plant but not for a separate department. Without national planning, the efforts of individual industries, plants and men do obstruct each other grievously. Freedom is limited by the worst of dictatorships—the result of a myriad unplanned activities which keep wages and incomes down, which prevent many from working at all. The true function of master planning is to substitute the determi-

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nation of intelligence for the determination of chaos which now limits and thwarts local and individual initiative. Assuming that we want a decentralized culture, the only way to get it is by central planning.

We should propose, not to substitute central authority for powers now exercised by smaller units, but to put central initiative in a void where powers are not now exercised by anybody, but arise blindly and destructively. If we conceive the job in this way, we may have fewer misgivings about entrusting it to existent human capacity. Part of what now looks like incompetence consists of the unsuccessful efforts of officials—public and private—to deal with forces outside their jurisdictions, forces which are too big for them and upset what they are trying to do. And the center of attention of the planning body would not be fixed simultaneously on all the details of a great national economy. Much of the work would go as it does now—and as it goes in the human body—controlled by individual initiative, habit or unconscious reaction, through nerve ganglia or cerebellum. (Unconscious, I mean, in respect to the attention of the central brain.) Existing boards and commissions for regulation, as well as existing centers of industrial command, together with others to be created, would resemble these secondary parts of the nervous system.

The second objection will come from those who regard any proposal to set up control before the establishment of socialism either as a step toward a fascist dictatorship or as a muddle-headed liberal proposal for amelioration which cannot possibly work. The primary objective, they will say, in tones and emphasis varying according to the speaker, is to establish the power of the workers, or to abolish private ownership of the means of production, or to do away with the profit motive. The primary agency of change, they will declare, is the class struggle, whether in the economic or political realm. Nothing can be done so long as those who stand to gain either from lack of planning, or from planning solely in private interest, are in positions of power.

I should not be greatly surprised if this prediction turned out to be correct. But it will not be accepted, in advance of trial, by many of those who must now be relied upon to support and carry out the planning and control. It is therefore more useful, for the time being, to regard such statements neither as true nor as untrue, but as hypotheses which may be tested only by experiment—or, if you prefer, as convictions which can have general force only as a result of social experience. So far, the business order has not tried central planning, except in emergencies such as war. If a serious proposal to do so is indefinitely thwarted by those who have the largest stake in the status quo, or if planning is tried and proved to be ineffective because private ownership and profit stand in the way of considered and recommended measures, or if planning is effective, but only for the aggrandizement of the rich, not only can the socialist point of view be substantiated, but the issues will be clearer to the public than they are at present. Now the class struggle is sporadic; at most times and in most places it exists chiefly in the minds of the theorists who think it ought to be fundamental. If we should arrive at a revolutionary crisis, the struggle might become widespread and actual. But, in the absence of such a crisis, socialist agitation takes place in a moral vacuum. You have, on one side, soap-boxers and pamphleteers who tell the worker that he is oppressed by the capitalist, and, on the other side, capitalists and their retainers who contend with considerable show of reason that they cannot be held responsible for the faulty operation of affairs. Even the moderate political advocacy of public ownership fails to arouse much support; the advantages or necessity of public ownership are difficult to prove; the issue is not joined. But if, in a general attempt to organize economic affairs, it is found that desirable results cannot be achieved in particular situations because private interests block the path, there would be something of importance to struggle about. The conflict itself would be organized. And it might be a war of attrition rather than a "big push."

Nor need we assume as proved that not even a start can be made at central planning and control until first we have a Communist revolution or elect a Socialist administration. While there are, undeniably, powerful forces which will stoutly resist these measures, there are other forces which may be expected to advance them. After all, the business order is not that static thing which agitators talk about when they denounce "capitalism"; it changes and develops from decade to decade. Thorstein Veblen took great pains to point out how business fosters technology, and how technology has motives and goals of its own which tend to negate the motives and goals of merely acquisitive business. The engineers have been disappointing as social revolutionists; nevertheless, it is inevitable that the great estate which industry has developed within itself, whose whole habit of life is founded on research and plan, will not stop when it has planned a few bridges, factories and railroads. Its habit and the contagion of its ideas are forces which are almost certain to expand and permeate our whole system.

There exist not merely a class conflict, but a conflict between ideas and dispositions which goes on within classes and within individuals. Many of the most earnest exponents of a planned society, even if it is to conflict with profits and vested interests, are certain to be found among those whom an orthodox Marxian would scarcely recognize as true proletarians. And it is a commonplace that our industrial "proletariat" has been largely assimilated to a "bourgeois" psychology. At present, and perhaps for a long time to come, the idea conflict would appear to have more reality than the class conflict. It would be impractical to ignore it and

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overlook the social forces it can bring to bear, for the sake of exclusive loyalty to a theoretical class conflict which is now, from an orthodox socialist point of view, disappointingly absent in the realm of action.

The third objection is a real obstacle. What shall be the objective of the planning? And, when alternative policies or conflicting interests are being considered, what criterion of choice can be applied? Our war control did not have to worry much about this fundamental question. Enormous quantities of physical goods were in demand by national governments, for fighting purposes. While conflicts arose among different types of requisition, there was always a possible decision as to what was most or soonest needed to help defeat the enemy. It was a criterion not always easy to apply, but at least it was positive and unquestionable. The Soviet government in Russia has perhaps a somewhat more difficult task, but it has, in its Five Year Plan, a pretty objective criterion. Everything else is subordinate to the construction of a modern and gigantic industrial plant. This is, in essence, like our war job, if one substitutes eventual construction for eventual destruction. But we already have our plant, and we do not have an objective enemy against whom we must throw tons of metal and explosives, with all the requirements that flow in the train of that effort.

We can, of course, set up generalizations in lieu of an objective, like the "common interest," or the "general welfare." We can break these down into slightly more concrete aims, like industrial stabilization, or abolition of unemployment, or increase of the national income, or more equitable distribution of income. But two observations at once arise, as we begin to state our aims with any approach to objectivity. One is like that already discussed under the head of the second objection. There may be general agreement to seek vague things like the "general welfare," but when it comes to specific formulation of that welfare, people will begin to disagree as to what they really want. The other is that even those who are agreed on a platform of objectives may be asking for mutually incompatible things, or for things some of which must be gained before the others can be approached. Do we want more leisure, or more goods? Is it possible to gain stability and at the same time have as great a variety, as many style changes, as rapid improvement in technology? How shall we distinguish and weigh the relative importance of necessities and luxuries? The task is far more intricate when we seek to satisfy all the wants of a great industrial society at peace than when we simply want to win a war.

The answer to this objection must, I believe, be twofold. There must be a body of opinion, or a group, or a party, which not only wants master planning, but also has a clear idea of what it wants that planning to do, and is prepared to carry its program against opposition. As conflicts arise in the conception or execution of plans, it must be prepared to take sides in these conflicts. It must take sides not only in the interest of those who suffer the most under our present order, whether economically or otherwise—these persons would, desirably, comprise the party—but in the interest of a future state of society which would commend itself to a broad and critical intelligence. It must be prepared to create social and cultural values. And its immediate program must be thought through with as much judgment and discernment as possible. This program should, not, like the average political platform, be a mere catch-all of unrelated generalities, slogans and devices. It would be too much to ask that anyone should be able to foresee in detail the results of the work which can be done only after planning and control have begun to act. But a direction must be set.

A brief, crude and tentative suggestion of such a program—something to start the discussion—will form the subject of a future article.

GEORGE SOULE.

Kingdom of Heaven

Bleak the February light
On the dark threshold spread;
The frost stood thick against the lock,
The clock for the great cold stopped dead,
When old wits idle as their luck
Lay singing in the bed,
That heard while white frost span by night
A pigeon happy with its bread.

And sang: "I wakened to a sound
That the streams make at thaw,
And pity on the shape I found
Inside the looking-glass with light.
For looking on my heart I saw
A time before the break of day,
And looking won to second sight,
And cast my character away.

The fields lie bound beneath the sky,
The hedgetop and the furrow freeze,
And still old ploughwheels sigh,
As sweet as bones which stretch from sleep;
And sooner than their sound is by
Will come a noise of yellow bees
When the hay is nodding deep,
And some wise throat which laughs for ease."

Till there was a soft voice that spoke:
"Hush, for all the sounds you tell
Are out of an old horn I blew.
I have come down to see who woke
On earth's cold brink when night was through.
No wilder chance befell
Than the starry breath I drew:
I am Gabriel."

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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Germany: Thunder on the Right

BEFORE the general election held in September, 1930, Adolf Hitler, leader of the National Socialist party in Germany, delivered the following appeal to the voters, one which led almost six and a half million Germans to vote for members of his Nationalist party:

> With lies the revolution was inspired; with lies the Armistice was brought about; with lies our people were induced to sign the dictates of Paris and London; with lies Germany was made to sign the so-called Peace Treaty of Versailles; with lies our people were led into accepting the Dawes Plan; lies had to prepare the way for Locarno; and lies and yet more lies have now given us the Young Plan. . . . Under the curse of . . . illusions Germany has lost her freedom, she has lost her moral prestige, and having no longer any political honor, she has now sacrificed her economic substance. Germany has paid billions for these illusions and the debt has not grown smaller. Germany has dishonored herself for these illusions and the hatred of our enemies has increased, while their greed still knows no bounds.

The nationalist tide has ebbed and flowed pretty much according to economic and political conditions in the Reich. The last election took place when there were 2,750,000 unemployed; when the Reich was faced by a large budgetary deficit; and when the Reichstag had seemingly been unable to do anything to mitigate the situation. Once before, in May, 1924, during the Ruhr occupation, elections took place at a time of particularly severe crisis and resulted in a great increase for the extremists of both the Right and the Left. At that time, on the extreme Right, the German National People's party and the National Socialist party together polled 26.9 percent of the total vote. In 1930, these two parties polled 25.56 percent of the total. On the Left, the Communists in 1924 received 13.13 percent of the total and in 1930, 13.9 percent. But in spite of the fact that in 1924 the total percentage of the extremists was thus a bit larger than in 1930, the present protest against existing conditions in the Reich must be viewed as considerably more violent. In 1924, the German National People's party, then still a "respectable" party, elected 95 Reichstag deputies and the National Socialists, 32. At present the former party has only 41 seats in the Reichstag and the latter 107.

Almost overnight the National Socialists have become the second largest party in the Reichstag; only the Social Democrats with their 143 seats outnumber them. It is important, therefore, to know what the National Socialist platform is. Their program was formulated in February, 1920, shortly after the party had been founded in Munich by seven men, among them Adolf Hitler. Even in those troublous times, it was not until 1923, when Hitler and Ludendorff attempted their abortive Beer Hall Putsch in Munich, that the party first came into the limelight.

The so-called Twenty-five Points which comprise the party program are largely negative in character. Their first demand is for complete revision of the peace treaties and repudiation of the entire German foreign policy since the War. The program is marked, furthermore, by intense anti-Semitism and demands adherence to the old Pan-German ideal of a pure German national State, admitting to German citizenship only 100-percent Germans, allowing no immigration and refusing citizenship to Jews, besides banning them from holding office and from owning or publishing newspapers. There are certain socialistic features in the program and its chief economic plank consists of a demand for the abolition of "slavery to usury," whatever that may mean. Finally, the parliamentary system is condemned and the overthrow of the Republic demanded with the establishment of a dictatorship.

That a party with such a negative and impractical program has obtained 107 seats in the Reichstag is due in no small measure to the personality and methods of agitation of Adolf Hitler. A demagogue of the first water and an orator and agitator of real ability, he makes use of the technique of a camp-meeting revivalist in building up a movement which, in part at least, has much in common with the Ku Klux Klan. The party stalwarts, organized in the so-called Storm Troops, are stationed in strategic positions at all the thousands of National Socialist meetings, and at a given point in the leader's speech applaud or interrupt. Huge mass meetings are thus aroused to frenzied enthusiasm. Hitler has instructed his aides to appeal to the hearts of their audiences rather than to their heads. He lays greater stress on personality than on printed propaganda and has established a school of oratory near Munich at which the National Socialist speakers are trained. These speakers adjust their remarks to suit their audiences. But always they stress in fiery terms the iniquity of the peace settlement and particularly of the Young Plan. They blame everything on the Jews and on the international Jewish plot to conquer the world. They then promise to help everyone, denounce everything connected with the present order of things in the Reich and promise an entirely new order—the Third Reich. To their audiences these men, and especially Hitler, appear as romantic deliverers and evangelists of the new order.

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It is, of course, difficult to state exactly who the bulk of Hitler's supporters are, but it appears that the majority of them are small tradesmen whose business has gone to pot, disgruntled farmers suffering from the present agricultural crisis, and the younger generation of voters. Many members of the so-called "Non-Voters' party"—people who usually do not exercise their right of suffrage—went to the polls in September and, to the great surprise of the moderate parties, voted largely for Hitler. Approximately 7.8 percent more voters took part in this last election than in the preceding one in 1928. An analysis of the vote in September, 1930, in the province of Hesse, shows that the National Socialists owe their great gain there primarily to these former non-voters. It was on them that Hitler's agitation had the greatest effect. Moreover, this same study shows that the evangelized farmers and peasants were more susceptible than were the workers. The Communist gains in that region about equaled the Socialist losses. And the Catholic Center party appears to have withstood the inroads of the National Socialists better than any other party.

Many of Hitler's most fervent supporters are extremely young. They are of the generation which all its life has experienced hardships. Semistarvation during the War when these young people were small children; then the blockade and more hunger; then the inflation at a time when they should have been learning the value of money. Discipline was lax at home during their more impressionable years. Now they are anxious to go to work, but find it difficult if not impossible to get jobs. They are told that all these hardships are due to the betrayal of their Fatherland by the older leaders. They see no reason why they themselves and their children and grandchildren after them should pay "tribute" because of a war with which they had nothing whatever to do. Hitler appeals as well to their sense of the dramatic, but of political realities they know nothing. And Hitler is their hero.

The National Socialist movement is thus in a sense a cumulative outburst against the hardships of the past years. The 6,500,000 votes were not in the main cast for the party's program; they represent the grave unrest in Germany resulting from the severe economic depression which unfortunately coincided with the coming into force of the Young Plan and with a budgetary crisis in the Reich. As a result, the expected strengthening of the moderate parties by the Rhineland evacuation and the more favorable reparations settlement under the Young Plan has not taken place. On the contrary, the fall in the world price level appears to have nullified the advantages which the Reich might have gained from the Young Plan. Furthermore, the constantly increasing number of unemployed presents a tremendous financial, political and social problem.

It is perhaps natural that many people in Germany should hold the reparations payments, and therefore the Young Plan, responsible for their present difficulties. However, the German government has for several years been living beyond its means, with the result that it must now retrench all along the line and increase its already exorbitant taxes. It has been estimated that even in 1928, for every 10 marks earned by German individuals and companies, 2.73 marks had to be paid to the government or to the reparations account. To be sure, of these 2.73 marks less than 0.34 marks went toward reparations. The total cost of government in Germany for the year 1928-29 has been estimated as 27.3 percent of the national income. The United States in 1927 paid 11.8 percent for its government; France in 1927 spent 26.4 percent; and England, in 1924-25, 22.2 percent. The figures are in a sense perhaps not comparable, because they do not apply to the same years, but they do present some general idea.

More important, however, is the question of where the real burden of taxation falls in the general scale of wealth and income and, above all, the distribution of this wealth and income. The average per-capita income in the Reich in 1928 is estimated at $231; in the United States in 1927 it was $652. Moreover, much of the German income is concentrated in the moneyed classes, which form a very small portion of the population. The inflation caused gravely significant changes in the distribution of wealth in the Reich. The industrial and financial capitalist groups have made great gains, but almost entirely at the expense of the middle and lower-middle classes and of the old military aristocracy. It is a well known fact that the middle classes formed the backbone of Germany's pre-war prosperity and also of the national tax system. The inflation completely wiped out their savings and the strength of the country at large has thus been seriously impaired. As a result, the average income per capita in Germany represents a much lower level of real average prosperity than similar figures in other industrial countries. The average income per capita in Germany is estimated at probably less than half of that in England and less than a third of the American income. Because of the unevenness of the distribution, the great majority of the people have incomes much below the numerical national average; at the same time they appear to bear the major portion of taxation. Obviously, the tax burden cannot be increased without a further fall in the standard of living. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the greater part of the money paid as reparations goes out of the country and does not return to internal circulation. As a result the real weight of the burden of German taxation is materially increased.

Germany paid in reparations from September 1, 1924, until May 17, 1930, $7,992,994,448.93. From the beginning of 1925 until April, 1930, she borrowed in all $6,700,400,000. It is generally agreed that only in three ways can Germany

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continue to meet her obligations: by surplus of commodity exports over imports; by increase in the exports of her services abroad; and by borrowing abroad. The major portion of the reparations payments have until now been made from the proceeds of foreign loans. Further borrowing abroad, however, increases the foreign payments which must subsequently be made, and the internal charges for the services of these loans is an added burden. Whether Germany can continue to make full reparations payment without further lowering the standard of living of her people appears doubtful.

The present government, in spite of severe pressure from both the extreme Right and the extreme Left, seems determined to show that the Reich, having signed the Young Plan, will do its utmost to set its own house in order and carry out its obligations as far as possible. The minority Cabinet of Chancellor Bruening is at present dependent for its existence on the support, or at least on the benevolent neutrality, of the Social Democrats—the largest party in the Reich. The Socialists can afford to support the government only as long as the interests of the workers are not too seriously impaired.

And on the moderate Right there is a growing feeling of distrust for the Socialist Democrats which manifests itself in flirtation with the idea of taking the National Socialists into the government. Many industrialists appear to feel that now is the time to crush the Socialists, while the Hitlerites are coming to be regarded in some quarters as the lesser of two evils.

The government has put into effect a sweeping program of saving and financial reform by means of extraordinary decrees which the Reichstag has not dared to invalidate. One may, therefore, say with justice that the effect of the last election has been to frighten both the government and, to a certain extent, the Reichstag, into constructive action. For there is no doubt that the previous inability of the Reichstag, because of party politics, to cope with the financial situation disgusted many people who expressed their feelings by voting for Hitler.

The last election, however, was a significant warning. It was a warning to the moderate parties in the Reich that if the parliamentary system is to survive, it must prove its worth by actual accomplishment, and also a warning that a great people cannot be continually oppressed without creating the danger of a wave of extreme nationalism which may eventually sweep a civilization into revolution or war.

Berlin. MILDRED S. WERTHEIMER.

The Hired Girl

FROM THE vantage point of childhood memories extending to the nineties, no phenomenon of that dreary decade seems more remarkable today than the existence of the general household servant, known generically in middle-class families as "the Girl."

The Girl was usually, though not always, young. In my experience, centered around Philadelphia, she was nearly always Irish or Polish, sometimes German, occasionally colored, and rarely "American." Huldahs and Sigrids we knew not; the Scandinavian invasion had not yet assailed our ramparts. Once in a while the Girl was even Welsh, the daughter of a coal-mining stock from central Pennsylvania.

But whatever her national origin, her type was fixed. She was, presumably, sturdy; no one inquired concerning her health. She had left school somewhere in the early grammar grades, if indeed she had ever been to school. And for anywhere from $2.50 to $3 a week she did all the work of the household—sweeping, scrubbing, cooking, dish washing, dusting, often washing and ironing as well. Moreover, those were the days before stationary tubs or electric irons, the days of coal stoves, much linen and heavy starching.

Thursday, from the time she had cleaned up lunch and prepared dinner in its first stages—say about three-thirty p. m.—was her own; so was every other Sunday from the same hour. Her own, that is, if she were careful to get back not later than half past ten. The Girl never had a latch-key, and must not return after the family had gone to bed. On all other days her hours were as long as there was work to be done. She was up by six at the latest, and had breakfast ready before the family arose. From that time on she worked until her dinner dishes were washed and the kitchen in order, late at night. Even then she was not free. Perhaps twice a month she would appear at the sitting-room door and ask permission to go out for just a few minutes, her work having been finished.

"Where do you want to go, Anna?" the mistress would ask.

"Just to see my sister around the corner."

Many mistresses refused permission; the more generous would grant it as a great favor, with the stipulation that the Girl must positively be home within the hour. A Girl who made too many requests of this nature was sure to find herself looking for another job before long.

Nor could she entertain her friends freely. To begin with, there was nowhere to entertain them, except the kitchen. From that usually overcrowded

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and frequently roach-ridden lair the family, in the evenings, would often hear loud strains of melody —the Girl amusing herself by singing over the dishes. Sometimes, instead, there was a murmur of voices—once in a while, sad to relate, one of the voices would be masculine. Then the mistress would descend and (perhaps after listening discreetly for a while in the darkness) would appear suddenly at the kitchen door.

"Anna," she would inquire majestically, "who is your caller?"

"It's only my brother Tom, ma'am," Anna would reply in a flustered tone, while brother Tom tried to blend inconspicuously with the wall. She had cause to be flustered. Girls with too many or too devoted brothers or cousins were also likely to be seeking another place ere long. Advertisements for Girls frequently mentioned, as one of the requirements, "No followers."

A classified advertisement for a Girl usually brought anywhere from a dozen to fifty applicants. They came in person, and sat stiffly in the front hall or the parlor, waiting to be called into conference. When one had been selected, the mistress would say pleasantly but firmly to the waiting throng, "I've been satisfied"; and the left-overs would then depart in a decorous and subdued manner.

For the few hours of the twenty-four when the Girl was not engaged in her duties, she occupied a room usually situated in the third-floor back. It contained furniture which the family had discarded long since. In hiring a Girl the first ceremony was taking her up to see her room. The day before, the wise mistress had cleaned it and put it in order, with a fresh tidy back of the washstand and a clean white spread on the bed. The Girl would survey it in silence. If she put her valise down on the floor the victory was won.

However advanced the furnishings of the house as a whole—however replete with stationary washstands and incandescent lights—the Girl's room was usually of an earlier era. She was not supposed to share the sanitary arrangements of the family. In one household of my acquaintance a major scandal developed when it was discovered that in their absence the Girl had dared to take a bath in the family bathtub—worse, had used the mistress' special soap. She had been with them a long time so she was not discharged, only reprimanded severely and warned never to do it again. She went on preparing the family's food and depending for her ablutions on the basin and pitcher in her room, and the crockery footbath which was supposed to serve her in the privacy of that same chamber on Saturday nights. Familiar to every respectable family of that period was also the supplementary structure in the back garden—erected, doubtless, by Mr. Chick Sale's specialist—sacred to the uses of the Girl. In one of these shrines I once beheld a full-grown sewer rat attack and murder a cat; but the Girl was not supposed to have nerves.

When Christmas arrived, self-respecting people never forgot the Girl. Children and even grandchildren who were frequent visitors had gifts bought in their names and presented to her. The range of possible presents for her was not great. Typically they included a new white apron (plain); a small bottle of drug-store perfumery, preferably Jockey Club; a box of pink or lavender notepaper; and another box, ornately decorated with the portrait of an appetizing maiden, containing hard pink and white candies, with an occasional chocolate cream scattered among them. Other needs the Girl had none.

Really nice people always remembered to be humane to the Girl. In the evening, when all the family had finished with the paper, a child was frequently sent to the kitchen with it, that the Girl might end her laborious day with a little light literature. On hot summer evenings, when everyone sat on the front steps and devoured ice cream, the Girl, of course, remained in the coal-heated kitchen, but a small saucer of cream was always saved for her —she had to wash the dishes, anyway. If (which was the natural end of well conducted Girls, though where they met their future husbands and were courted by them remained a mystery) the Girl left to be married, she always received a substantial present—say a set of dishes or a box of silver-plated knives and forks. Sometimes Girls settled down permanently; my grandmother's aunt had one who remained for fifty years, and was mentioned in Aunt Mary's will. But these belong rather to the category of Old Family Retainers, who really were not supposed to exist outside of Virginia and points south.

As for the Girl as we knew her in the not-so-gay nineties, there was a general consensus of opinion that she had greatly degenerated. She was no longer so willing, so cheap, so cleanly, so amiable or so industrious as she had been in the days of the narrators' mothers. When a Girl demanded $3.50 a week and still wanted the washing put out and extra help for parties, it was felt that the riotous and rebellious spirit of the end of the century was turning her head.

The Girl, of course, was not always true to type. There was a Girl of my childhood recollections who stole all the after-dinner coffee cups; there was the Girl who got drunk and required two husky policemen to cart her off to jail; there was the Girl who fell in love with the doctor across the street and spent all her spare hours spying on his movements through the parlor windows; there was the Girl who scared herself so badly with the ghost stories she told us children that she was afraid to go to bed till my mother had lighted her way with a candle and proved her room was not haunted. There was also the Girl—a Polish one, this time—who was discovered in tears; being pressed for the

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reason, she answered that she had saved her money for five years to visit her native village, but now she could never go. "I am eighteen now, and I have no man. When I walk through the streets, the children will cry, 'Old maid! Old maid!' "

The Girl of Polish extraction seemed to supply most of the local color. The first wedding I ever witnessed had for its *pièce de résistance* our late Girl, a Polish maiden who had escaped this obloquy just in time. After the ceremony the guests, a bit hilarious, suggested that the bridegroom show his bride at once that he was master of his house. This he did by knocking her flat, satin gown, veil and all. (Incidentally, I became in consequence, at the age of six, a lifelong feminist; but that was by the way.) Six months later the bride was back, seeking advice from my mother amid a welter of sobs. At last her grief emerged from the lachrymal display: "I know my man has another woman; he doesn't love me no more; he hasn't beaten me for three Saturday nights!"

Only the very best Girls remained content with their situation until death, or until marriage—that lesser death of their kind. (A Girl never worked after marriage; all she did was take in washing.) Sooner or later, with most of their breed, a serpent crept into Eden. In spite of their easy duties and high pay, they became spoiled; and the first symptom always was that after some slight scolding or sudden change of orders they Answered Back. Answering Back was a major crime in a Girl, as it was in a child. Only a disaffected Girl who had been receiving bad advice from the associates of her Thursdays and every other Sundays would object to being told to take care of the children that evening, to substitute next Sunday off for this one at a moment's notice, or to cook the lamb *this* way next time. After two or three examples of mutiny or insubordination following such commands, the best mistress would say regretfully, "Well, Anna, I'm afraid we can't get along. Take your notice."

Taking one's notice involved leaving a week from the following Thursday—Thursday before the weekly holiday was pay day in well conducted families, though mean or husband-ridden mistresses would sometimes make the Girl wait till Saturday, so that she must go off to visit her friends and relatives without any money in her handbag at all. Mistresses not quite so thoughtful as the notice-giving variety would simply remark, "You may go." The Girl would go immediately, though with mutterings, to find what refuge or work she could, with whatever remnant of her week's wages might be due her at the minute. The theory was that with the scandalously high wages that were being paid, any Girl should have a savings account to fall back on in such emergencies; and if she hadn't, it was just too bad. Circumstances like this helped to swell the ranks of "abandoned women" whom mistresses never spoke about, though their husbands or sons might encounter them later.

Sometimes Girls were temperamental. One I remember who could not eat anything she cooked, and after she had provided our meals had to be supplied with cold food from the German delicatessen around the corner. Usually, however, eating was not a source of controversy. Without discussion, the Girl prepared and served the dinner ("Anna! *can't* you remember to put on your white apron when you bring the food in?") and then ate the remnants after we were through. It always seemed to me that, were I a Girl instead of just a girl, I should abstract a potato and a spoonful of beans and a slice off the roast and eat them while they were hot. I voiced this sentiment once, when the Girl was within hearing, and was promptly punished for my subversion of discipline. Custom demanded that the Girl consume whatever happened to be left, on a kitchen table piled with dirty dishes; and if the family and guests were unusually hungry, and there was nothing left of the chicken or the pie, there were always plenty of potatoes and bread and other wholesome if unappetizing remains.

The Girl must always be respectful. Her master was always "Sir," her mistress always "Ma'am"; and when the children reached their 'teens they became automatically Mr. Harry and Miss Edith. She must always say "Good morning" and "Good night," and "Thank you very much" for her apron and pink writing paper at Christmas. And no matter how the children teased her, or what tricks they played on her, she must never conplain. I grieve to say that many of the Girls of my recollection failed to live up to this grand old tradition.

Just when the breed of Girl began to become extinct I can hardly remember. There were always, as I have mentioned, complaints and ominous prophecies. She long survived the onset of industrialism; several Girls to my knowledge had sisters in factories. But factory workers were considered "wild," and it was much more creditable (especially in the eyes of prosperous mistresses) for, so to speak, a girl to become a Girl. Probably the less aggressive of working-class maidens gravitated to the occupation of Girlness; aggressiveness was, above all others, the trait least relished in a Girl. Sometimes she had not even an identity of her own; one lady of my acquaintance always called her Girl "Mary," whatever the Girl's mother had had her christened; and "fancy" names were always frowned upon. Often the Girl's last name was utterly unknown in the household in which she might have lived and worked for years—mail, which came in at the front door, was almost as great an offense as were "followers," who came in at the rear.

But in general a Girl whose family lived in the same city and kept a parental eye upon her was favored above one "on her own" and hence open to suspicion on moral grounds—that is, as long as the family was not numerous, given to visiting or likely to be the recipient of benefactions from the

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mistress' kitchen. "Have you a big family?" was the next question asked the long line of waiting applicants, after that standard classic, "Have you any followers?"

Today, as we know all too sadly, the Girl as I have pictured her from a memory of thirty years ago or more has disappeared. What occasionally, in smaller cities, passes by her name is not the same thing at all. The War dealt the last blow to her diminishing numbers; she survives now only in the reminiscent imaginations of elderly cartoonists still intrigued by the substitution of the electric refrigerator for the amorous iceman. One may regard her, therefore, with that slightly sentimental eye which is cast upon all *récherches du temps perdu.*

And, from that vantage point, it sometimes occurs to me to wonder why to so few mistresses of those far-off days it ever suggested itself that the patient drudge in the kitchen, gravitating from dawn to dark between that ill arranged workshop and the cheerless bedroom on the third-floor back, was, after all, a young, eager, dream-ridden human being.

That, in short, the Girl was actually, and not merely nominally, a girl!

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

Our School Burns Down

ON THE NIGHT of January 15, the Hessian Hills School in Croton-on-Hudson burned to the ground, with inadequate insurance and a complete destruction of all equipment. Compounded of a remodeled farm house and a new stone wing, it was one of the few experimental schools really situated in the country, flanked by woods, fields and a running stream. Some eighty children from two to fifteen years of age were left without their desks, their textbooks, their shops and auditorium. Their paintings went up in smoke, their clay modeling; the chairs and tables, lamps and andirons which they were hammering and forging against a father's or mother's birthday. From all over the country these youngsters had forgathered—some with parents whose names are household words—because of the growing interest in the educational experiment which Elizabeth Moos had started here.

When you and I went to school and our building burned, we flung our caps into the air. We took an almost sadistic delight in the smoking ruins. Hooray! Better than Christmas and Fourth of July rolled into one. What happens precisely when one of these newfangled schools is demolished? Three things happened, and I think that they are just novel and interesting enough to be specifically described. The first has to do with the reaction of the community, the second with the reaction of the children, the third with the effect on educational technique.

Croton, slowly creeping into the dark shadow of metropolitan New York, was still river village enough to contemplate this pedagogical experiment in its midst—these hatless, overalled, alarmingly unrepressed children—without enthusiasm. Public school was good enough for its children; good enough for any children. Yet these young Indians were a friendly, smiling lot: they produced amusing plays and dances up there on the hill. They were never shy, they spoke their minds freely. Off on nature walks, or skating parties, or taking a census of local industry, they added a touch of color and spirit to the town.

The school burns down. Next morning a former mayor of Croton offers a house he owns for the use of boarding pupils whose old quarters must be turned into a temporary school building. The local Catholic priest offers to help in any way possible. A grocer presents two floors of his warehouse for classes. The new high school offers space. A parent gives up a trip to the Caribbean and starts the new building fund with the proceeds, another finds a new place for her maid, a dozen houses are thrown open to take in the displaced boarding pupils for the bare cost of their food, the balance of the boarding fees to be contributed to the new building. A committee is formed to ransack home libraries for books, one family gives a brand new Britannica, a committee of mothers takes over the provision of school lunches in the temporary quarters, buying the food, planning the menus, cooking and serving the meals. Nearby schools in Westchester offer textbooks, supplies, building plans. Columbia sends textbooks. In short, a somewhat sprawling and not invariably harmonious community draws together to meet a crisis.

The next morning the children met at nine o'clock in the house of the boarding pupils. This had been planned by Miss Moos as she watched the flames the night before. They were asked to write their impressions of the fire—how it made them feel. A number of these impromptu essays were read at a parents' meeting a few nights later. The chairman, a burly enough fellow, struggled through one or two and then dissolved in tears, while the audience ruined its handkerchiefs. Further reading was insupportable. But observe that the emotion was engendered not so much by loss, by any sense of tragedy, as by promise: the naïve statement of what this school had meant to the child. The youngsters did not moan, on the contrary they were stimulated and excited. They went

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up by classes next day to see the ruins, and for a time the younger groups were really downcast. The wild birds which they had fed every morning came by the scores—never had they seen so many—and there was nothing to give them. This was the nearest approach to tragedy. Presently everybody began to rummage through the still warm embers, pouncing upon hinges, pipe, doorknobs, radiators, metal of all kinds. This, they felt, could be salvaged for the new school, or at the worst sold as junk to add to the building fund.

Before the fire the school was a collection of groups at different age levels. Now it functioned as a unit. A shop committee was elected by all groups and a fourteen-year-old boy put in charge to organize a new shop in the temporary quarters. Benches are being run up, bulletin boards installed, loaned furniture—some of it pretty shaky—repaired, signs painted, necessary supplies listed, and a shop schedule carefully worked out. The kitchen door through which the children had to pass with their plates of hot lunch had a habit of jamming. The committee removed the door, took off a heavy spring and replaced it with a lighter one. It then proceeded to the construction of a new boardwalk, badly needed. Two boys measured distances, two figured the lumber, two went to the lumber yard and placed the order. Then all set to work with saws, hammers and nails.

The eight-year-olds are making flour paste for all the school. An eleven-year-old girl comes into the office. "I see," she observes, "that the older classes have made their own attendance slips, but no one has made them for the younger children. I'll do it." A twelve-year-old boy has started, purely on his own initiative, a cost-accounting survey. He scents waste in the purchase and use of materials. He has prepared forms for each group to fill out over a period of four weeks, itemizing all transactions in school material. Meanwhile, the youngsters have brought from home bookshelves, pictures, maps, aquariums, and arranged them in the sometime bedrooms of the sometime boarding house. They have done overtime clay-modeling and got that in place. Already the rooms look as if they had been used a long time.

We catch a hint of educational value in the above recital. The teachers have made it even more specific. The seven-year-old group is learning the difference between a thousand dollars and ten thousand dollars, by virtue of considering insurance and building fund. They have learned under this stimulus that a house costs in the thousands, an automobile in the hundreds, a blackboard in the dollars, paper in the cents. They are economizing in supplies, using a cheaper grade of paper and finding it works about as well. Tools are another matter. One boy proudly contributed a ten-cent saw, only to find that it would not work. Another child found a heavier saw at home and had it sharpened. It worked beautifully. This young group is discussing the physics of fire. Why must windows be closed when a fire starts in the room? Why if a person's clothes take fire must he be wrapped in something?

Everybody in the entire school—save the toddlers—knows precisely what fire insurance is. This has led them into detail: standard requirements for electric wiring and the general process of inspecting a building before insurance is granted, the care and feeding of furnaces, methods of fireproofing and fire prevention. How will the new school take out its insurance, how will it be financed, what is a mortgage, and how does it work? From here is but a step into the nature of stocks and bonds. The children are learning, through an absorbing dramatized interest, matters of which they have heard their fathers and mothers speak, which hitherto have meant nothing to them, reasonably vital matters in a pecuniary civilization. A school devoted to the "project method" of learning seizes upon a new and practical project.

The eleven-year olds have become the school accountants under the leadership of the entrepreneur who volunteered. They are preparing price lists, checking invoices, striving to effect economies. Every two weeks they balance the books. The fourteen-year-olds are basing their geometry and mechanical drawing on plans and specifications for the hoped-for new building. One boy graciously volunteered to save architects' fees and draw all the plans himself. This flung the door wide open to group discussion—What is needed in a school building? How many rooms? How shall they be arranged and space economized? How about the traffic problem and parking space? How can an auditorium be designed for maximum load? Do walls come first or do they follow interior planning? Children do not frequently analyze the purposes and layout of a public building.

The nine-year-olds . . . but I could go on indefinitely.

STUART CHASE.

Winter Passage

Quail-hen, dust-mother of the road,
Blue squirrel, pine-runner of the sky,
This way earth's plowboy springward strode,
And stayed to pitch wheat wagon-high.

Rest, boy, rain haunts warm-shingled roof,
Hooves thud in stall beneath loft-hay,
Gold crop is in and early proof
Of arm cast wild to sleep away.

What dream can rafter-webs confuse?
To mud-cracked boots veil-ladders drop;
Wake, boy, lest net you clamber lose
Beyond field-clouds the star of thought.

Redbreast, song-post of lonely fence,
If still, pure throat, your voice comes near,
Tell him this way spring plows commence,
But sun was mowed like wheat last year.

LINCOLN FITZELL.

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Washington Notes

Presidential Dreams and Political Goblins—The Faithful House—Call of the Bonus —Dance of the Lame Ducks

THE SHORT session of Congress will automatically end a few days after this piece is printed. As it is written—the last week in February—the relations between the President and Congress seem about as bad as they well can be. From the start, the coalition control in the Senate by Democrats and progressives established a hostile majority, whose principal aim in life has been to pass measures opposed by the administration, denounce administrative inaction, and hold up administration appointments which it distrusted. There have been anti-administration coalitions before, but I do not remember one in which the anti-administration feeling was so deeply personal. When, moreover, one also adds the incredible ineptitude of the regular Republican leadership, the complete lack of personal loyalty to Mr. Hoover among the Old Guard leaders and the inarticulate and inert state of his real senatorial friends, one is confronted by a condition in the Senate such as I do not recall as having existed before. It may or may not be Mr. Hoover's own fault, but certainly no President ever had weaker or fewer defenders in the Senate than he—a fact upon which I have commented before.

There is no doubt at all that Mr. Hoover has been painfully aware of this situation and has suffered under it. Early in his administration he deeply resented the attacks of the Democrats and progressives. He had then the noble idea that he would make a non-political, non-partisan President. He felt that the Democratic party as well as his own, should "coöperate" with him in all the policies which he thought to be in the public interest. In other words, he had a ridiculous and perfectly impracticable dream that, inasmuch as the campaign was over, both parties in Congress should forget politics and be concerned only about government. It is difficult to see how any man could be so completely blind to realities and so utterly oblivious to human nature.

For a while Mr. Hoover was terribly pained by the opposition of the progressives and the Democrats, but before long he became more or less reconciled to the fact that they were unshakably hostile. He then turned toward the regular Republicans in the Senate, only to find them unreliable, unfriendly and uncoöperative. In special session and in regular session his relation with the Senate has been an unbroken series of disappointing and humiliating experiences. He has met with consistent and bitter opposition at every turn from his natural opponents, and has received practically no effective support from his natural supporters.

In all this time his only real comfort was the House. There, under Speaker Longworth's leadership, the legislation of the Senate coalition has been consistently reversed. In nearly every legislative controvery since he assumed the presidency, Mr. Hoover, supported by the House has got what he wanted. But in return for every one of these triumphs he has been forced to endure such a senatorial hammering and such a flood of hostile publicity that the fact he had finally triumphed was usually totally obscured.

However, the House has been his mainstay and support, which made its defection on the veteran legislation last week the bitterest dose he has been forced to swallow for a long time. The House Republicans, under pressure from the veterans' organizations, and alarmed by the solidarity of the Democratic members in favor of the bonus, simply ran out on him in the most whole-hearted manner. That "Prince of Good Fellows," the Speaker, with his eye on his party caucus and the thought of that margin of one which is so essential for him to maintain the speakership, discarded principle and played politics. Thus, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Mills were left high and dry, clutching to their respectable bosoms that unanswerable array of financial data which they had compiled to convince Congress and the people of the calamitous results of any veteran legislation involving cash payments of over $500,000,000.

The blow to Mr. Hoover was a hard one. There is reason to believe that for a while he felt almost as bitterly toward the "Prince of Good Fellows" as the "Prince of Good Fellows" felt pleased with himself, which means he felt very bitterly indeed. But the bitterness will pass. The White House cannot get along without the Prince and in the main the Prince cannot get along without the White House. Their interests are mutual and they will be found working together again to frustrate, nullify and counteract the hostile activities of the Senate majority.

The session is so near its close that to predict what may or may not happen in the few remaining days would be foolish in the extreme. Probably the special session will be avoided, though there can be no certainty of this until the final day. The only thing one can be sure of is that Congress has spent three violent and futile months, with results which cannot satisfy either party or the country as a whole. Still, this is the normal outcome of all lame-duck sessions. They are a nuisance at best and a menace at their worst. They should be done away with. Every new one we have is further proof of the soundness of Senator Norris's amendment. There is little if any excuse for not passing it.

So far as this session is concerned, the chief cause for misery in the White House circle is the terrific dent made in the already badly dented Treasury by the relief appropriations and the veteran legislation. Unless the income-tax returns on March 15 are vastly in excess of the most hopeful estimate, the necessity of increasing income-tax rates next year seems unavoidable. Treasury experts privately as well as publicly concede this. The idea of entering a campaign for the reëlection of an unpopular President on the heels of a tax increase is just about the most discouraging thing that could happen.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Little Asides: II

THINKING the world over, in the midst of this season of theater, it hardly seems possible that a year ago we were seeing Mei Lan-fang in that little passage where the fisherman's daughter stands on the river skiff and sways with the motion of the water. On that bare stage, with nothing but the idea and himself as the medium for its expression, the actor gave us not only the swaying body, conscious of the rhythm in which it shares at that moment, but also the motion of the boat, riding lightly on the tide, recording also the fisherman's weight at the other end, returning to the old rhythm, which in turn is changed by the girl's weight. He presented the abstraction of water, of muscle and delicate frame, of suppleness. What a long way off it is, that playing of Mei Lan-fang's, how curiously pure and distinct it remains in the mind!

In the first of these two notes, written by way of asides in the drama of the season, I was pointing out how far into her success Madame Eugénie Leontovitch, of "Grand Hotel," is carried by her line and movement—her dance—and by the foreignness that constitutes so much of this and of her total quality. After that I came to the matter of make-up. It might be useful to consider now some illustrations of these particular things as we find them in our theater. There is, for example, that movement of the arms in which Miss Helen Hayes indulges, the arms at the sides, the hands back, the elbow bending forward in a sort of double-jointed effect, ungraceful, much too arch, bad in line. Miss Ethel Barrymore has no instinct for movement or design of any sort, never any studied or beautiful employment of her superb natural gifts. In "Scarlet Sister Mary" her gestures, in the comedy scenes especially, remained exactly what they have always been, without a trace of the relaxation, gradual motion and sense of slumbering vitality that must belong to this role of the Negro woman, the mother of abundance, the earth, the sun, the fertility and richness of life. In the whole company there was no sign of any analysis of the characteristic movement that belongs to the race portrayed; and this despite the fact that for such a play the very beginning of the acting problem, physical and emotional, will be found to lie in that movement. The movement in the hips, the fresh and relaxed lines of the arms and head, should have been the first things studied, and it is from them that the rest of the creation must proceed. Miss Helen Gahagan, with all her beauty and intelligence, appears merely to fling her hands about, and most of her changes in position and her movements from one spot to another on the stage begin anywhere and end anywhere; there is no impression of phrased action, or of secure, expressive line. Among the men of our stage there is not one who could be praised for these qualities in line and gesture; the best of them would have to be found now and again among dancers and circus people. One foreign actor, however, we have in our midst, who is a great master in pose and movement —Mr. Benjamin Zemach, who first came here from Russia with the Habbima Theater and is only now and then to be seen in some program or other. He is an illustration of the highest art in line, dance and make-up, everything whose scarcity in our theater must be deplored.

This is not saying that our actors have not talent and so on and so on, but is only to raise a cry in a needed direction. I shall be answered with some of the old arguments about naturalness, feeling yourself, being true to life. But these arguments all fall flat; the thing to make clear is that I am not insisting on poses, artistic postures, draped limbs and lily rhythms. You may be as photographic, journalistic, naturalistic as you please. The point is that the necessity of phrase still remains, the bodily control and the sense of a physical instrument that will serve your purposes and intentions. You have only to study slow-motion films of athletes jumping or horses running, for example, to see what is meant by coördination and the perfect transition and gradation from line to line. You will see how one action unfolds or springs from another, how the rhythms of forms and lines carry something about them that is like flowers as they open, like the line of moving water or smoke, or the action of wind on leaves, clouds or banners. You need first to learn this fundamentally natural organization and smooth certainty, this continuous vitality and this unity. From this, but afterwards, you can depart whenever you like for the purposes of expressive movement. If, for example, you mean to express the quality of magnanimity, you do so by your management, simple but exact, of the basic gesture of giving, precisely as a landscape painter who wishes to create somber gloom, romance, harshness or festivity, will do it by his departure from or management of the basic, familiar, everyday elements of the scene.

I have been reading Mr. L. C. Arlington's book on the Chinese theater, marking those numberless notations on costume, masks, styles and formulas of wigs, movements, and especially the long, impeccable chapter on painted faces, and thinking, as I read, of the horrors of the paint as I see it applied more often than not in our theater; those smudgy make-ups of Miss Eva Le Gallienne's, for instance; whenever she tries anything outside her own appearance, she is sure to look only like some child play-acting. I think of those make-ups in the Theatre Guild ensembles, those shiftless headdresses and casual faces in the recent "Lysistrata." All up and down our theater so much money spent, so much energy—energy with the wind gone out of it for the most part, energy hard to describe save as nervous and narcotic—and so little in the whole business that shows any pains, acumen or expertness! I return to the Chinese book, and am humiliated, reading the precise alphabet of their make-up method and conventions: no two faces painted exactly alike, the melon-seed shape, painted in gray, for certain eyebrows, eyebrows like painting on porcelain. The many colors, the symbolism of colors, lines, markings and drawings, false eyes repeated in yellow and black beneath the actual eyes, hills painted in black about the eyes, on a crimson face on which are drawn white eyebrows representing streams—the prescriptions are complete for the actor's use and for the audience long familiar.

I am reminded of the technical security of Mei Lan-fang's action and gesture, the torso pivoted in the waist, the linear wholeness and continuity of all his movements. The head was never quite still, though most of the time its motion was not evident; the constant slight motion achieved that vibrating effect that good sculpture always has. When the right hand was to be extended in some

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gesture, the movement began not only in the right shoulder, where it must necessarily begin—though not all actors know that fact—it went also back to the left shoulder; and through the establishment of that more entire and complex rhythm, it proceeded into all parts of the actor's position, which in itself was at the same moment subtly passing into another. These are enough to serve as some of the more obvious instances.

The amount of the abstract and remote in Mei Lan-fang's movement, set as it was about the business of expressing the dramatic idea and the needed action, might be thought to defeat the actor's purpose and to leave nothing with us that was real enough to feel and remember. As a matter of fact it was exactly the opposite. The freedom and purity of the method, with its creations of ideas, as intangible but definite as these ideas would be in music or architecture, gained for him a curious vividness and permanence in the impression he produced. You have only to remember the intimacy created between the fisherman and his daughter, the caprice, the terror, the fatalism created in the scenes between the princess and the tiger general, to realize how wholly they were conveyed, and this not by an impersonation so much as by a visual design or composition filled with the excitement and emotion of the actor.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Workers for Russia

SIR: It is conceded by reliable authority that there are in this country at the present time, from five to six million idle workers with no hope of immediate relief. According to reports of dependable magazines and the daily press, there is a shortage of 200,000 skilled laborers—mechanics—in Russia.

Therefore, may I be permitted to suggest that The New Republic communicate with the United States Relief Commission, suggesting that it inform the Russian government that it can and will supply that government with as many skilled laborers of any trade or occupation as are willing to go there. Transportation will be paid by the United States government, and reimbursement will be made to this government by the Russian government by deducting from the wage of each worker who has agreed to go to Russia the sum necessary to cover transportation cost.

Would not this plan be of assistance to some of the earnest workers, and would it not in some measure relieve the congestion of idle workers?

BEN GOGGIN.

Stockton, Calif.

Eliot and the Public Schools

SIR: I regret that Henry James's book on the late President Eliot of Harvard [reviewed in the present issue of The New Republic] neglects to give Eliot credit for his great interest in the public schools as educators for democracy. Mr. James thinks of him almost exclusively as an expert on higher education. Of course Eliot was that, but he was a great deal more. He was not only president of the National Education Association but was chairman of one of its most notable committees, the "committee of ten," so-called. The report which he wrote and published for this committee set the ideals and standards of public elementary and secondary education for a generation. So great was the influence of this report that it dominated the curricula and methods of teaching in the public schools of the country for years.

Eliot was interested also in the discipline of the schools as related to character training. He was in this respect as modern as the most progressive schools of today. He said: "There is only one way of teaching young men to govern themselves, namely, by letting them try." He also said:

> The real object in education, so far as the development of character is concerned, is to cultivate in the child a capacity for self-control or self-government, not a habit of submission to an overwhelming arbitrary, external power, but a habit of obeying the dictates of honor and duty, as enforced by active will power within the child.
>
> Student self-government enforces positive activity; it appeals to motives in the boys which will serve them when they become men, and it is constantly trying to develop in the boyish community the capacity of self-government.

JOSEPH S. TAYLOR,
Former District Superintendent of Schools.

New York City.

Mixing Babies

SIR: We have at Albany a bill-drafting bureau established to aid inexperienced legislators to phrase their bills intelligently. . . . However, a bill introduced in the state senate on January 13 has obviously not had the advantage of a careful scrutiny by an intelligent reviewer, for it bristles with hilarious nonsense. I would not have requested space in your valuable paper to call attention to the unintentional levity of the senator in question, were it not for the fact that the bill may be enacted into law and do a great deal of harm to the hospitals in the state. . . .

The bill (Senate Int. No. 86) amends the penal law in relation to "mixing" babies. Well, "to mix" means putting two or more substances together so that the particles of each become diffused with those of the others, and it implies stirring or shaking as in the making of a cocktail. In view of this, what does the senator mean by solemnly prohibiting "the practice of mixing babies," thus implying that exchange of babies has hitherto been common and entirely legal? The bill provides for fingerprinting (an utterly valueless procedure where new-born infants are concerned) and tagging, and it goes on to say that "each newly born baby in a hospital shall be kept in a separate receptacle, *which receptacle shall bear the name of its parent or parents, if known.*" . . .

This bill further provides that "each baby shall receive personal attention by the hospital authorities [who is a hospital authority?] and *no two or more babies shall be cared for at the same time.*" Thus, to comply with this proposed statute, no hospital can admit more than one prospective mother at the same time. This is probably not the intention of the senator. The bill further provides that hospital authorities shall be liable to civil penalty of $10,000 if they allow one baby to be exchanged for another, and "*if in the course of any exchange of babies the original sex or color is changed* by the exchange, the hospital authorities shall be subject to double the penalty herein prescribed." The "hospital authorities" are evidently credited by the Solon to be possessed with supernatural powers. They will be surprised when they learn of the magic they can wield. Let us not enact this bill into law!

E. H. L. CORWIN.

New York City.

Our Costly Staff of Life

SIR: While making inquiries in Washington recently about Herbert Hoover's "fact-finding" commissions, I was puzzled to note the interest of leading lights of the baking industry in the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. Yes, Dr. Harry Everett Barnard, executive secretary of the commission, was president of the American Institute of Baking, 1919-27, and was secretary of the American Bakers' Association, 1921-25, as well as its political "adviser"—a Washington euphemism for lobbyist.

Subsequently, and quite by accident, I stumbled upon these facts: Ten pounds of wheat, costing twelve and a half cents, produce more energy than ten pounds of whole-wheat bread or graham crackers, retailing at a dollar or more. Wheat and flour

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are now at unprecedented low levels, according to the testimony of millers' representatives before a Senate investigating committee on February 10. An economist of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the Department of Agriculture said the farm price of wheat was the lowest in twenty-three years, and other witnesses said bread was on a higher price level than any other food commodity. All other ingredients of bread, save milk, have declined sharply in price. Labor costs have declined. Where do the huge profits go?

In the circumstances, it may be judicious for the bakers to be on friendly terms with President Hoover and his Cabinet.

SILAS BENT.

New York City.

Yes, Why Not?

SIR: Now that convict-produced Russian lumber is at last to be kept out of the country, mightn't we continue the good work by putting an embargo on rubber from Liberia?

JOHN W. WORTHING.

New York City.

The Position of the Progressive

SIR: Is The New Republic so feeble in its "progressivism" that it must bolster itself with the sham defense of a stubborn reaffirmation of its creed, and the dramatic annihilation of a stuffed Marxian demon?

Edmund Wilson's and George Soule's articles in your issues of January 14 and 21, respectively, excite such suspicions. Mr. Wilson's ridiculously sentimental confession of the short-sightedness of The New Republic's past policy, as laid down by Herbert Croly, followed by a few tender notes for the Communists (sounding like a crude falsetto to a trained ear), and a hurried recantation of Marxism due to an error in Marxian psychology (which doesn't even merit refutation in Mr. Wilson's mind) finishing with a timid declaration in favor of a slightly modified Crolyism, in the form of John Dewey's progressivism—this constitutes one-half the barbican battlements to secure the integrity of The New Republic.

George Soule continues (no one can seriously consider his article an answer) by battering down with ductile weapons Wilson's attack on Croly, and triumphantly unfurls a brighter flag of Crolyism. Then an alliance is concluded. Soule completes Wilson's frail fortifications against Communism. He agrees that Marx can't stand up (not Soule's laughable unsymmetrical model), since he hasn't a balanced view of the field of economics, being ignorant that "there are forces which tend to prevent the depression from degenerating into a collapse." He thus robs Marx of his theory of recurrent crises. Drunk with victory, Soule further asserts that Marx's followers, the Communists, are hopeless, since their goal "does not in the least depend on the will of revolutionaries." Here his judgment is very inaccurate, blinded to the actual behavior of the Workers' (Communist) party with its militant propaganda and demonstrations, and deaf to Marx's own words, "the emancipation of labor must be the act of labor itself," cautioning further that "men make their own history, but they make it not of their own accord or under self-chosen conditions, but under given and transmitted conditions."

But somehow or other the Gods are with The New Republic. New Republic progressivism is the victor! Be warned!

S. CHARLES SPITZER.

North Adams, Mass.

SIR: . . . You discuss and keep before this happy country the need of organizing a new party, though the shifty philosopher of Northampton clearly tells you that such action will ensure Republican success and that no door is open whereby we may escape the loving care of the noble Republican-Democratic crew, but must submit to such two-ringed circuses as were witnessed at Kansas City and at Houston two years ago. Perhaps Calvin for once is right; these little whipper-snapper lawyers will be now and then. Anyhow we doubt that Johnny Dewey has the sap—I mean the understanding—to lead the crowd which can upset the Morgan controls. They too long have pounded the paved streets and lived, or it is better to say existed, in pigeonholes called flats and so have forgotten, if they ever knew, the comfort and contentment of homes. Their lives have been so colored with artificiality that they cannot bespeak those who actually enjoy this Garden of Eden named America—good men and true though they may be.

The move for a second party to defeat the Republican-Democratic party must come from those who inhabit west and south of the Hudson River; those whose interests are identical; those who play with nature's things—the pigs, the wheat, the cotton, the cane, the coal, the ores. That same North and South which were divorced by civil strife in Linkern's day belong together and far too long have been separated by bloody shirts, and drink, and railroads, church and color. Dewey now forgets the South and fusses only in the West. To see my meaning, remember that not men and bugs alone have individuality, but continents as well. This continent has mountain ranges on the east and west to protect it, and in between a district nearly 1,800 miles wide and 1,800 miles long which is endowed by nature with such food-producing possibilities as are not found elsewhere on earth—and with a population of but about thirty-six to a square mile. Turn to Europe and see narrow valleys, broken land, a colder climate and a population of 250 per square mile. European hunger has forced the people to tie themselves to wheels, to make all sorts of tricks to exchange for food with fortunate people in other continents. Hunger was the true cause of the late War. Hunger has enslaved Europe to industrialism. That cannot happen here for centuries—not until we have a population increased to 500,000,000. Food grows here in highways and byways, willy-nilly—no scheme of trinity such as Hoover, Hyde and Alex Legge can Father-Son-and-Holy-Ghost around and stop. . . .

Streator, Ill. GEORGE C. STOKES.

SIR: Hurray for you! Your article in the issue of January 14 was as timely as it was correct. There are details on which we are at variance i. e., it is best to associate with the present Communist party, but this is very immaterial.

I have been praying that the country's liberals would get together. Secret conversation between great leaders who are plebeians at heart. First of all an announcement that Clarence Darrow—Clarence Darrow the great pessimist—had joined the Communist party! He had finally found a cause into which he could put his heart and soul. He was going to address a mass meeting in a big New York hall. W. Z Foster was chairman of the meeting. How his speech would be read! The discussion would be on everybody's lips. The capitalist press would say that he was always crazy anyway. The general public would begin to think. Then a group of Socialists would bolt to the left. Coming after Darrow's step, the press would carry this. The men I have in mind are Maurer, Nearing, Sangor, Dewey and their kind. The New Republic and The Nation would agree, with them, and the Communist movement is on the way!

I do not know what attitude Hearst would take, but if Norris would announce his conversion in the Senate, and Dudley Malone say the same thing the same day in Paris, Randolph would be given to serious thought. The free-lance writers like John D. Barry and Heywood Broun are just waiting for such a chance. How they would burn up the press until the owners gagged them!

If these things were to happen you would have a Communist movement. It is something new that the people can understand. Everything to the producers! No more leisure class! Workers' control of the factories! It would spread like wildfire.

Then to cap it: Louis D. Brandeis announcing that they can impeach him if they dared; his doctrines and decisions would be in accordance with the Marxian Civil Code. Just imagine how your blood would thrill by this time! A real, live, issue to battle for! Boy! Can't you feel the hot blood pouring through your veins? By this time some capitalist will weaken. Maybe Charlie Schwab. CHARLES SCHWAB CASTS HIS LOT WITH COMMUNISTS! What a headline!

Come on, Mr. Wilson, do your stuff!

CONRAD EDISES.

San Francisco, Calif.

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The Life of Harvard's Greatest President

Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, 1869-1909, by Henry James. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols. 786 pages. $10.

ELIOT of Harvard was a phenomenon purely American, yet an extremely rare American type. Outwardly (for the outward in this case is not to be ignored) he can best be likened to Washington, Webster and Emerson. But no one but himself, perhaps, could so well have been the subject of Emerson's words: "In the midst of the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard; the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behavior." And Lowell might have applied to him, for example, when he retired from Harvard, much more fitly than to Josiah Quincy, the lines:

> The monumental pomp of age
> Was in that goodly personage.

When offered the presidency of the college he objected to an intimate that the large reddish birthmark which disfigured his face might detract from the proper dignity of the office. In point of fact, it heightened his dignity and impressiveness by adding more than a touch of the formidable. An unbending colonial governor of Massachusetts in the sternest days might have looked as "gey ill to trifle wi'." A well known professor of another university who had more than once opposed him in educational meetings said, "You can't say it's hard to make Eliot wince or to make an impression on his face; there's no such thing as making an impression on his face." Then the extraordinary iron-gray voice was suited to the weighty, brief unhurried plain sense of a speaker who seemed uniquely "king over his word." Clever professors launched on a topic have a stream of thought to express and delight in adequate expression; Eliot's eye was on nothing but the fact and the right turn, and he was capable of suddenly abstaining from words altogether to see these more definitely, when they would have gone on ably expounding their state of mind. About him were plenty of men of talent, but he had mass. The lack of artistic, imaginative or witty attributes was in the main an advantage; it made his concentration possible. (He had his own kind of imagination and taste.) Besides, it would have been almost unbecoming if he had exhibited a fine play of thought and language, as if a king's or an archbishop's elocution should indulge in literary ingenuities. A gifted lady who had noted his keeping to the point and his devotion to plain reason, seeing him sitting with his peculiar erectness and single-minded expression on a platform, said that he looked like "an intellectual saint." Few more impressive utterances came from him than his short address in conferring a degree at a special meeting on Prince Henry of Prussia: "Weighty reasons must have determined such unprecedented action on the part of this society of scholars. These are the reasons——" A speech of perfect sincerity and in the genuine great manner, each reason being more interesting and coming closer home than the last. Had he accepted when on his retirement Taft offered him the ambassadorship to Britain, he would have represented American democracy more nobly as a speaker and as a man than any of our ambassadors or ministers in London for sixty years, though the roll is on the whole a fine one and includes J. R. Lowell. Had it been conceivable that a political party should nominate so independent a person for the presidency, he would there perhaps have shown his powers and character best. That he was never even at the head of a Cabinet department is deplorable.

Mr. James's biography has just the quality for which the fact-loving Eliot expressed admiration in the same author's treatment of the life of William James and which was equally dominant in his volume on Richard Olney. He paints the picture as much as possible in the concrete, by vital details and instances, anecdotes, shrewdly chosen letters and fragments of letters, and that invaluable auxiliary, the impressions of bystanders. He has an instinct for the vital and goes after it like a bloodhound. The documentary material is, of course, vast, and the evoking of so human and intelligible a figure and so clear and single a story out of this parched wilderness of administrative detail and prosaic, frequently wooden, correspondence is a very considerable biographical feat. The felicity of the product of selection proves how thorough has been the documentary study. Of remarkable interest is the light shed on Eliot's stately remoteness of bearing. The biographer is quietly judicial, as in the account of Eliot as a chemist, his attitude to athletics and to original production by professors, the relation of Harvard's post-graduate study to Johns Hopkins, and of Eliot's policy to Lowell's, yet he is a sympathetic, sometimes eloquent interpreter. His knowledge of Harvard as a student under Eliot and an overseer and department visitor under Lowell adds weight to his opinion. The living picture in the text is balanced by the information gathered and classified in the appendices.

Eliot was great, not by richness of gifts, but by mental character—and the adequate expression for it that his personality afforded. That character was practical simplicity: it is very rare. He did not think that things ceased to exist or principles ceased to deserve prompt obedience because they were familiar and "obvious." His mental character was not relaxed as nearly everybody else's by the habit of overlooking and the habit of passing by. He insisted on believing his eyes, on doing what the sight indicated should be done, and on doing it as soon as could be. He did not become amiably and discreetly accustomed to defects and abuses. Dr. O. W. Holmes at the Medical School saw, but did not at first care much, and was afraid Eliot would go too fast with his reforms—though he later came over and voted steadily for them. Eliot saw and cared. That was the secret of him.

The head of a university is usually and with much sound reason a man to keep things going safely and with sufficient public favor. It is already a great feat to maintain such an organization functioning without explosion or excessive friction or outbreak of censure from the public. Progress is well, but preservation, operation and reputation are essential. There must be someone to steer amongst the rocks. If the public or a strong party demands a reform, such an administrator must to that extent become a reformer; it is a part of his accommodation to the environment. But if only an individual proposes change and on grounds of mere fact and reason, here is something disturbing and contentious when the equilibrium is already unstable. The situation may or may not permit the taking up of his ideas. It is easy to be cynical as to this, but a president who had nothing of this habit of mind would be incompetent. He must take account of forces. A theorist and innovator must be looked upon in the first instance with suspicion.

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Now the strange fact is that the man who for forty years was at the head of Harvard, and who was placed there at the age of thirty-five, was a theorist and innovator. Often at first he was not only the proposer of reforms, but the only demander. How could this exceptional thing be? Because of the man's weight, his tonnage, and because of his surpassing administrative industry and reliability, his unequaled command of the facts; also not a little because of the moment in educational history at which he appeared.

His innovations fall into two classes, according to whether they affected the professional schools or the college. In the professional schools, especially in medicine, he could show that the need (once pointed out) was flagrant and crying. Here he was on the whole a stout common-sense pile driver and foundation layer. His service to the country was elementary, obvious and immense.

In the college, on the other hand, his great innovations appear at first glance chiefly negative: the gradual almost complete abolition of required studies, the abolition of the Greek requirement for admission, of required attendance at chapel, etc. But the first and greatest of these, the elective system, has three aspects. It means, first, that a wide range of new studies is offered; second, that two students of the same year may be studying quite different subjects; and third, that each youth selects his own. The first two are solid constructive measures. Here was his "intention to make Harvard a great seat of learning." It was in the third (although there was much in the mere administration of such a department store of studies to force him to this position) that we see him standing forth as an out-and-out theorist, not merely of the common-sense or obvious type.

The late Barrett Wendell used to say that the elective system at Harvard was a child of Unitarianism. For the Unitarian movement laid quite as much stress on its theory of human nature as on its theology. It preached the absence of inherent evil in human nature; hence, its emphasis on liberty and optimism. This was "the natural goodness of man," that "idea of the revolution," over again. For a cool scientific sociology and study of men this dogma is dubious. There is so much frustrated natural goodness and not a little natural "cussedness." It is not surprising that under the able administration of Eliot's successor, the liberty of election was more fully watched over and guided toward its own ideal. Mr. James thinks that "Eliot's temperament kept him from appraising correctly the limitations of the immature social animals who make up the undergraduate body . . . he conceived that the college should be conducted for rational, earnest, discreet young editions of himself." But it should be remembered that to the very end his mind was open; he conceived educational progress as unceasing and its course as unpredictable; he was interested to the last in new methods, especially methods of instruction.

It often happens that a man of note is never adequately known to the public until impressions are put together after his death. This book might be regarded as merely a contribution to educational history and an echo of times that were once vivid in a limited locality. I find I cannot look upon it so. Many once felt something of the impression of Eliot's character and mind but (except for those closest to him) no one knew them as a whole. There has never been such a channel as the present book for their gathered and complete influence.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Violent People

Sanctuary, by William Faulkner. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

LIKE Faulkner's other novels, "Sanctuary" is a study of people in situations that bring out all the violence in them. The characters are familiar enough, but where Sherwood Anderson, say, would show them in a baffled or nostalgic light, Faulkner lifts them to their utmost intensity in drama; eventually to an intensity beyond their ability to respond; they snap like a taut wire.

There are dangerous people who are ignored and whose characteristics are studiously forgotten by a kind of fear. Probably in the conflict always sensed but usually postponed, they exasperate cruelty from stable society and are formed themselves by cruelty before they learn to provoke it. It is typical of the drunken bravado of a young student and the teasing aloofness of a college flirt to put themselves at the mercy of such people, trusting always for protection to the authority they pretend to flout, trusting to their class, or because they are they, to avoid the consequences. The danger simply is not there for them. How could it be for a judge's daughter and a student of the University of Virginia? But the danger is there; and in this novel nothing is evaded by anyone. For once these impudent people have a chance to play their comedy to the end.

The first half of the book, which completes this situation, is superb. The rest is an anti-climax. I see no reason, except a publisher's and reader's convention, why it should have been extended. The moment the story lets down, the prose falls with it, until at the end it is a milk-and-water imitation of what in the central theme had been distinguished and heightened language. It is a radical digression from the realistic method we have become so accustomed to; the impression is never reduced to the lowest common denominator; a strong bias is risked and justified. Images, even situations, are allowed to clear themselves gradually from the confusion of first view. There is no objective, immediate comprehension; the event approaches, is met, is looked at in retrospect; definition is left to the reader. Naturally, with such a method, there are times when the image is forced, when the phrase seems artificial. This is not often.

Out of decay, the ruined plantation in the Mississippi hills, the animal rot of feeble-mindedness and senility, comes this hardness, terribly warped, to a few. No matter how terrible, there is something admirable in their realism when contrasted with futility. As the wife of the moonshiner says, "they do not break the law for a holiday." Their words are essential and accurate. Their words stop the soft qualifying people like a wall. This uninsisted-on contrast and its scene, a dramatic, active landscape, are Faulkner's great achievement. It would be more effective if the emphasis were varied, but it is great writing. It is good to see a college man for once from something other than his own point of view. This one, whose motto is, "It is better to go down than to hedge," does both, to my entire satisfaction. The sunny day which he spends driving the girl around looking for liquor while she slowly gives up hope of seeing the baseball game is cruel and humorous, too, and her desperation at the end of that long afternoon is pitiful: "He's got drunk three times today—and now he's going to again!" Faulkner has humor that his seriousness does not hide. Little Uncle Dud, who takes advantage of his elders' interest in gossip to swipe their beer, is a descendant of Dickens' Fat Boy.

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It is reassuring that this experiment, above all an experiment in style, is successful in spite of the last undistinguished chapters. Most writers are so like sheep jumping an imaginary gate that it is good to see a goat with the flock. The tendency seems to me romantic. "Sanctuary" was written by a man who has the power to go much farther, extending the qualities that make this book important.

EVAN SHIPMAN.

Not Facts, but Thought

The Public and Its Government, by Felix Frankfurter. New Haven: Yale University Press. 170 pages. $2.

AS DODGE LECTURER on Citizenship at Yale University, Professor Felix Frankfurter doubtless felt some anxiety, perhaps even humility. He was following in the footsteps of Bryce, Hughes, Root and Taft (the order is alphabetical), to say nothing of other able but less well known lecturers. In determining what he should talk about, Mr. Frankfurter probably said to himself: "I will not discuss glittering generalities as some of my predecessors have done. I will choose topics which really matter, which are current politics. Two problems in which I am particularly interested—the control of public utilities and the place of experts in administration—will fit into the general rubric 'the public and its government' and I will try to talk on these subjects with felicity."

Mr. Frankfurter has carried out his intention with notable success. Before dealing with his major problems he has two chapters which are in the nature of an introduction. He first describes "the demands of modern society upon government" and makes a suggestive comparison of the narrow range of governmental activity in the colonies in the early years of the Republic with the rain of laws—federal as well as state—which annually becomes heavier and heavier. The second chapter answers the question, "Does Law Obstruct Government?" by suggesting that no difficulties inhere in the Constitution. They are due to the judges who interpret it.

Readers who are principally interested in public utilities will regret that the whole volume was not devoted to that subject. Readers who are interested in the improvement of public administration will regret that the hints and suggestions of this chapter did not furnish the subject for all four lectures. It is needless to add that either the control of public utilities or administration in a democracy could be discussed in an almost indefinite number of lectures. One of the merits of Mr. Frankfurter's volume is that despite the brevity which is necessary, he has dealt with these important problems in such a fashion as to indicate all the important issues.

Take public administration, for example. His chapter on this subject considers the sweep of dictatorships over Europe after the War; the fallacy of believing that this tendency is synonymous with a decline of the democratic principle; the reconsideration of the assumptions and processes of representative government which should be undertaken; the importance of administration in the work of government; the origin and development of the British civil service; the powers of permanent officials; the increasing necessity of highly trained persons to "deal with the complicated issues to which technological affairs give rise"; the prevalent loose talk about science in politics; the uses of statistics in public discussion and administration; the judicial review of administrative determinations; criminal justice; the value of commissions of inquiry; and the place of experts, who in Æ's remark (which Mr. Frankfurter quotes) "should be on tap but not on top." Any one of the clauses in the preceding rather lengthy sentence could serve as the text for an entire lecture.

In threading his way through such a series of difficult and important questions, Mr. Frankfurter has not let the rapidity of his movement lessen the clarity of his perception. He shows us the wood and pays no attention to the trees. Unfortunately this emphasis is all too rare. In recent years there have been many researches in the field of public administration. We have had surveys and monographs galore. Facts have been traced to their hiding places and have been pounced upon. "New techniques" have been developed for the finding of facts which the old techniques would have permitted to rest in peace. The result is all too frequently a losing of the wood in the trees and it is well to have Mr. Frankfurter's corrective. The infrequency of this "approach" was recently lamented by Professor Frank J. Goodnow, a pioneer American student of public administration. Mr. Goodnow remarked that when forty years ago he began to write and lecture on governmental problems, he and his colleagues tried to think. They gathered some facts, but they were primarily interested in the facts which they considered necessary to support their thinking. "Now," he added, "everyone is so busy in research that I fear there is little time for thinking." Mr. Frankfurter has not been too busy in research.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

Religion and Theology

The Story of Religions in America, by William Warren Sweet. New York: Harper and Brothers. 523 pages. $4.

The Religious Background of American Culture, by Thomas Cuming Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 314 pages. $4.

EACH OF these two historians of religions in America spends half his space before he arrives at the close of the Revolution. Each neglects theology, which, I believe —and I am writing from an Anglican point of view—contains the essence of religious thought. Nowhere in these two workmanlike, unimpassioned accounts of the worldly administration of American dissent and orthodoxy can one learn about the anatomy of Christian doctrine, nor about the various subtractions from and additions to this doctrine which men's minds entertain. Yet all this is essential to the subject of both books. Only a description of how theological ideas fade, loom and fade through life could make such abstracts of history seem historical in any other than a mechanical way.

Mr. Hall, as he skimps Catholics, Negroes and Jews, cannot be said to present any working proof of his interesting theory that dissent in America shows more a persistence of medieval Lollardry than it does any development of the Continental Reformation. To present this theory the more neatly he confines himself, almost, to what is called "Anglo-Saxon Christianity." In view of the facts that three-fifths of our people have other than English blood and that the contributions of "purely Anglo-Saxon" religion are meager, it must have been a fondness for the second rate which caused him to confine his so serviceable handbook to all the less interesting aspects of his subject.

Mr. Sweet goes no further back than the Reformation, yet his handling of Anglican history (whose nice points require theological experience) shows no mastery of the general ideas involved in a study of the sixteenth century. He

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tells us that New England divines laid the basis for the Revolution by preaching dogmatic theology, but neither he nor Mr. Hall tells us whence these ideas of freedom came, nor traces the chart of the evident parallel between the decay of theology and the decay of civil liberty. Nevertheless, both these historians' subsequent accounts of the sects show clearly what is to be looked for in the mass of material necessary for the study of our able revivalists and organizers, our imaginative theologians and writers, and our fantastic manners. These aspects of the study are good fun; but when the student reaches the political proof, the fun stops.

The importance of this mass of material is that its proper use would not only encourage the national virtues, but that in uncovering the national vices it would show what our politics have lost by our popular and scholarly neglect of religion. A great deal of energy has been expended in America against vice, slavery and Caesarism. This aspect of our vitality is, I believe, the ecstasy of the Devil's Confessional, where everyone repents for other people's sins. Had abolition been preached in Southern pulpits and States' Rights been defended in Northern pulpits; had Lincoln's benediction "God bless the Methodist Episcopal Church" possibly resulted in anything but his own civil beatification; had the clerical hatred of Prussia sprung, let us not say from love for Christ, but even from a love for freedom, then might the post-revolutionary history of the relations between Church and State in America have been a happy subject. As things were and are, it is not. In neither the Civil nor the German war did Americans display any effective sign of those resistances to the City of Man which are always found effective when men are devoted to the City of God. JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

International Finance

Europe, the World's Banker: 1870-1914, by Herbert Feis. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 469 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR FEIS presents a narrative of the foreign financing done by England, France and Germany from 1870 to 1914. The first part, entitled "The Record of Capital Movement," and the second part on "Relations between Finance and Government in the Lending Countries," give a wealth of interesting facts on subjects which may be topically synthesized somewhat as follows: British preference for investments in enterprises and French fondness for government bonds; the greater subserviency of French than of British foreign investments to political considerations; the comparative poverty of Germany and the close connection between its foreign investments and Weltpolitik; diplomatic protection of foreign investments, more often denied than granted, and usually extended, if at all, in obedience to nationalistic motives.

A dozen "Studies in Lending and Borrowing" make up the third part, or the remaining two-thirds of the book. These case narratives cover some forty-four years of the history of foreign loans to imperial Russia, Italy, Portugal, the Balkan states, the Balkan railways, the Turkish empire, the Turkey-in-Asia railroads, Persia, North Africa, Japan and China, respectively. The preceding names suffice to indicate the extent and importance of the data given and also the impossibility of briefly summarizing them. In these studies Professor Feis has accomplished with distinction a colossal task of fact gathering. He has, however, exposed his work to the criticism leveled at any chronicle of events which lacks interpretation of their social significance. And in this case the criticism has added weight because financial events make duller reading than the doings of rulers, statesmen and soldiers.

The lack of interpretation is recognized and justified on the "supposition that there was a large measure of inevitability in the main currents of recent history" and by the observation that "the most intricate economic analysis, the most careful philosophic judgment would leave behind enough doubt to permit free play to prepossessions." The author feels also that any attempt at critical interpretation would have to embrace not only the financial events recorded, but "the whole of modern history."

However great the difficulties of interpretation in such a field, it remains true that facts can be expressed only in terms of ideas or, really, opinion. Scant mention in a short paragraph of the best critical thought of England and similarly inadequate reference to that of France about exports of capital seem, therefore, grave defects in an excellent factual survey. In spite of the factual character of the book, some interpretation cannot be avoided, as, for instance, when Professor Feis casually remarks of French investments that "the virtually stationary population made urban construction and development less urgent than elsewhere." This stereotyped rationalization of French foreign investments expresses a judgment, and one that is contrary to the views of many thinkers who feel very strongly that improved housing and public works, even for a stationary population, were more urgent uses for French savings than military railways in Russia. Many of these thinkers deny the thesis of "inevitability" and question as well the economic and social expediency of many international capital movements. Professor Feis is not only uncritical himself, but disregards the critical thinkers in the field of his study. To take for granted the inevitability of events, institutions and processes and confine oneself to an attempt to relate, without interpretation, what happened, is to disregard the requirements of most readers and also, perhaps, to undertake the impossible.

Professor Feis's book is a useful summary of events, but is barren of ideas or critical analysis. The average reader will regret that while he had so many facts to relate, he had little to say about them. LAWRENCE DENNIS.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

EIGHT VICTORIAN POETS, by F. L. Lucas. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 151 pages. $1.80.*

Seven of these eight essays were originally written as radio talks for the British Broadcasting Company, and the form they take is what it would necessarily be: clear, conversational, pleasantly illustrative, and summary. Criticism and the microphone have not yet been married, and Mr. Lucas naturally does not cast his lines in very deep waters. What is remarkable is that he should say so many good things as he does: on Browning, particularly, his gentle irony is well expended, and his appreciations of Arnold and Morris manage to be fresh without being profound.

FAUST, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. *Translated by Alice Raphael, with an introduction by Mark Van Doren. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 262 pages. $2.50.*

In rhymed verse, Alice Raphael has made one of the best English translations of the first part of Goethe's "Faust." Since she had already done a translation of the play into blank verse and abandoned it for a stricter adherence to the text of the original, there are no grounds to object to the limitations rhymed speeches have in English. A good deal of the original spirit is retained, as much as is possible in a translation; but the lugubrious

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woodcuts by Lynd Ward do not seem in keeping with the excellent text.

Verse

JOHN DETH AND OTHER POEMS, by Conrad Aiken. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 140 pages. $2.50.*

The newest volume of verse by the winner of the Pulitzer prize for poetry is a collection of poems demonstrating, principally, Aiken's preoccupation with the theme of the soul existing incommunicado. Aiken has always been interested in the poetic possibilities of solipsism, and here the theme runs full range. The most interesting of the poems is "Narcissus," in which Aiken's knowledge and powers for curious poetry and the typical Aikenian images are most manifest. "John Deth," the title poem, exploits, as far as possible, the allegorical implications of its name.

LONESOME WATER, by Roy Helton. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 128 pages. $2.*

Dialect, always tricky stuff, has been beautifully handled by Roy Helton in this book of poems. The indigenous speech of the Big Sandy Valley of Kentucky, the indigenous feeling of the mountain people, are phrased here in oddly cadenced melodies to which any backwoods fiddle could fit a tune.

World Politics

INTERNATIONAL LAW, by Ellery C. Stowell. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 829 pages. $4.75.*

It is the author's intention to avoid the *a priori* doctrines employed by many writers in the past and to describe actual international practice. Though the attempt is well worth making, and though the present book may point the direction for others to follow, it nevertheless contains a number of rather serious defects. In his effort to get away from the artificial nomenclature of conventional authors, Professor Stowell has been obliged to adopt a terminology of his own, which is sometimes as artificial as that abandoned: thus, he has chapters entitled "Gradation," "Authorization" and "Rehabilitation." Moreover, it is sometimes difficult to tell whether he is describing existing practice or what he thinks international law ought to be. Is it really correct to state that "when the cause is just, every state is obliged, in so far as possible, to counter-intervene in support of justice"; or that "opposition . . . to any abuse of force is properly designated as self-defense"; or that intervention is "the rightful use of force . . . to constrain obedience to international law?" And what does Professor Stowell mean by saying that the individual desiring peace must support the law of nations "till national barriers fade away and man stands forth with his full responsibility for the right conduct of world affairs"? However, a graver defect of the present work is lack of balance. To the subject of intervention, on which the author has already published a volume, he devotes most of his space, while he gives inadequate treatment to other important subjects—such, for example, as recognition, the Pan-American conferences, economic blockade, the effect on neutrality of the League of Nations, and the relation of international to municipal law.

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, edited by Charles P. Howland. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 541 pages. $5.*

This survey, written by a number of contributors and published annually by the Council of Foreign Relations, is divided into three parts. The first deals with the Pacific, and discusses such problems as the emergence of the new China, American policy toward the nations of the Orient, the Washington conference, extraterritoriality, the islands of the Pacific (including the Philippines) and the question of Oriental immigration. Section II, entitled "World Order and Coördination," summarizes recent negotiations for the limitation of armaments, and Secretary Stimson's attempt to settle the Russo-Chinese dispute. Section III, on "Post-War Financial Relations," deals with the Young Plan and alien-enemy property. The general purpose of the volume is to give the background for certain features of American foreign policy. For beginning readers the task has been well executed; but, with the exception of a few chapters such as that on alien property, the book surveys ground which is already adequately treated in other volumes. Its virtue is to present in a convenient form, inside one cover, a synthesis of many disparate problems.

Fiction

BLIND MAN'S MARK, by Martin Armstrong. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.*

A favorite subject of British novelists is the sensitive schoolboy whose shyness and faintly homosexual tendencies keep him at odds with the upper-middle-class environment into which he was born. The theme receives, in Mr. Armstrong's hands, treatment of an exceptionally sympathetic and intelligent kind, although one has some reason to doubt whether young Adrian's ultimate gesture, an unsuccessful attempt to blow his brains out, would have disposed quite so neatly and efficiently of his psychological difficulties as the author assumes. He says it did, and the reader must take his word for it. This is the one serious flaw in an otherwise convincing and competently written book.

THE MAKING OF A LADY, by Sara Haardt. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

The adventures of a breezy but rather unremarkable young woman who climbs to social eminence within the limits afforded by Meridian, Alabama. Sara Haardt, in private life Mrs. H. L. Mencken, tells the story with a certain nervous gusto and technical facility which make it readable fiction of a light and not particularly conspicuous kind.

Contributors

Léonie Adams is the author of two books of verse, "Those Not Elect" and "High Falcon." This winter she is delivering a series of lectures on Victorian poets at Washington Square College of New York University.

Mildred S. Wertheimer, a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, specializes in Central European affairs. She left this country last December for a year in Berlin, where she plans to write a book on the political situation of Germany.

Miriam Allen de Ford is San Francisco correspondent of the Federated Press. She recently finished a series of biographies, "Love Children: A Book of Famous Illegitimates," which the Dial Press is to bring out in the spring.

Stuart Chase, whose work has appeared repeatedly in The New Republic, recently returned from Mexico, where he collected material for a book which Macmillan is to publish. Its title is "I Like Mexico" and it is to be illustrated by Diego Rivera.

Lincoln Fitzell is a young California poet who has contributed to "The American Caravan."

Dickinson S. Miller was formerly a professor of Apologetics at the General Theological Seminary. He is now living and working in Vienna.

Evan Shipman is a poet whose avocation is trotting horses. He has passed most of his recent years in France, where he belonged to the Superrealist group of left-wing poets and writers. At present he lives in New York.

Lindsay Rogers has been Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia University since 1929. He is a frequent contributor to journals of political science.

John Wheelwright is an architect, poet and essayist. He has passed the larger part of his life in his native city, Boston, making occasional visits to Europe or New York City. He recently completed a long poem and has contributed another to the forthcoming issue of "The American Caravan."

Lawrence Dennis was employed for three years by the international banking firm of J. and W. Seligman and Company. He is now lecturing and writing in New York City.

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